

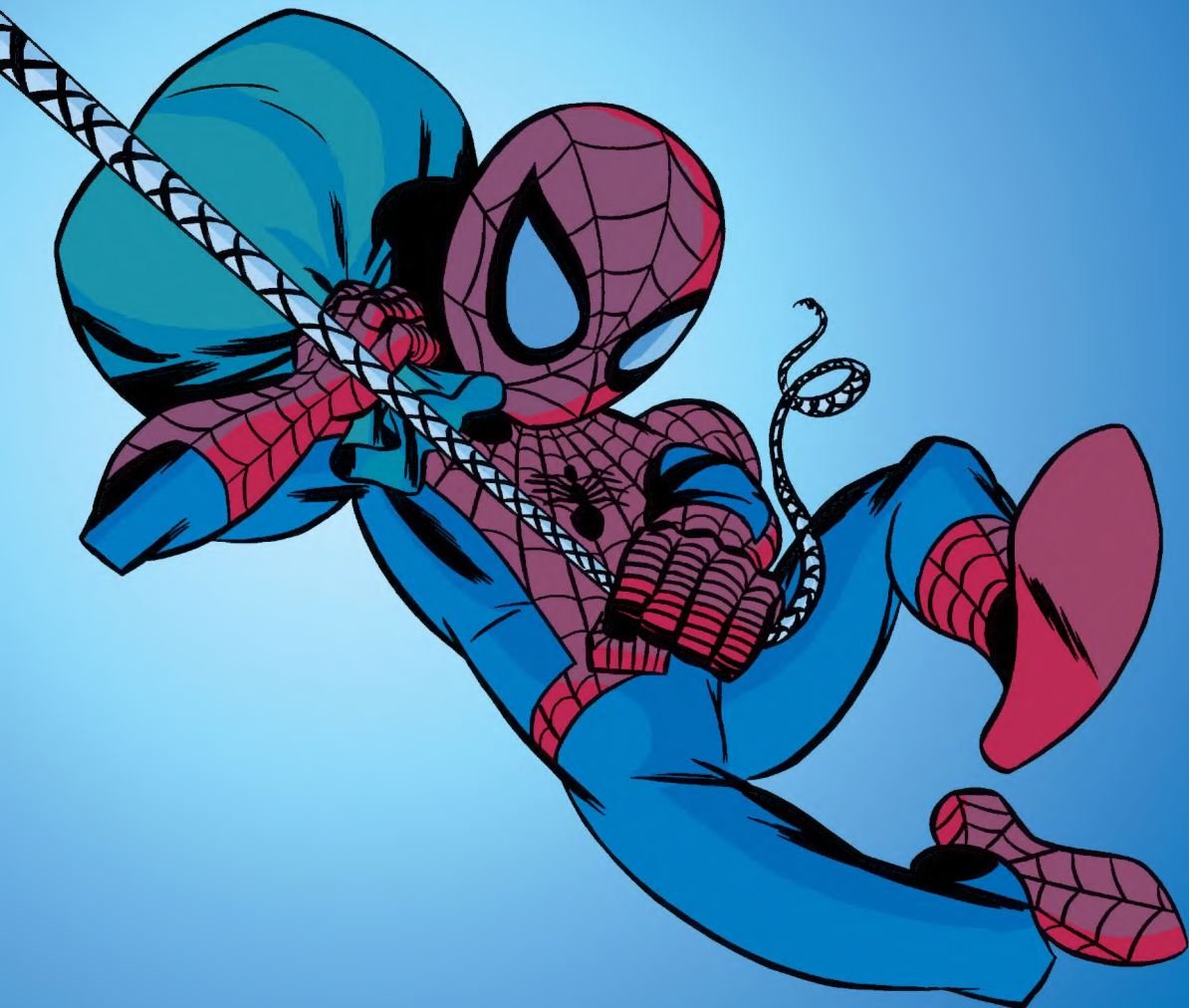
SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB™



MARVEL

40
D:

SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB™



SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB™

ALPHABET CITY

STORY/ART: Ted McKeever

COLORS: Steve Buccellato

LETTERS: Paul Tutrone

CALL OF THE WILD

STORY: Robbie Morrison

ART: Jim Mahfood

COLORS: Steve Buccellato

LETTERS: Paul Tutrone

BEHIND THE MUSTACHE

STORY: Zeb Wells

ART: Dean Haspiel

COLORS: Steve Buccellato

LETTERS: Paul Tutrone

'TWAS THE FIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

STORY/ART: Darwyn Cooke & Jay Bone

COLORS: Matt Hollingsworth

THE SYSTEM

STORY: Brian Patrick Walsh

ART: Alberto Dose

COLORS: Steve Buccellato

LETTERS: Paul Tutrone

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF SHAME

STORY: Zeb Wells

ART: Jim Mahfood

COLORS: Steve Buccellato

LETTERS: Randy Gentile

COVER: Frank Cho

ASSISTANT EDITOR: John Miesegaes

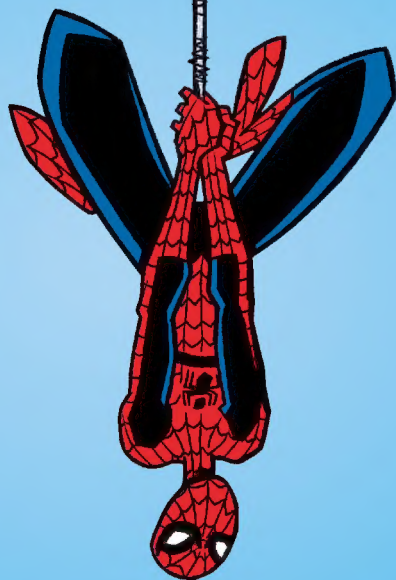
EDITOR: Axel Alonso

DIGITAL MANAGER/PRODUCTION: Tim Smith 3

DIGITAL PRODUCTION: Meghan O'Leary

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Joe Quesada

PRESIDENT: Bill Jemas





...And once again, the Penny-Ante gang has struck.



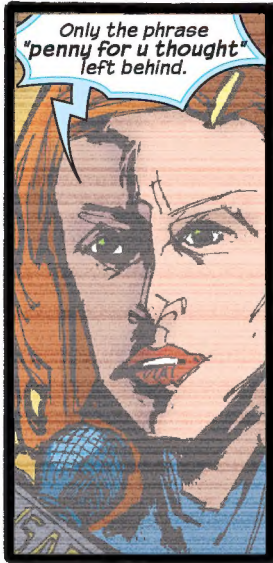
This time using the marquee of the ironically titled Lincoln Theater--



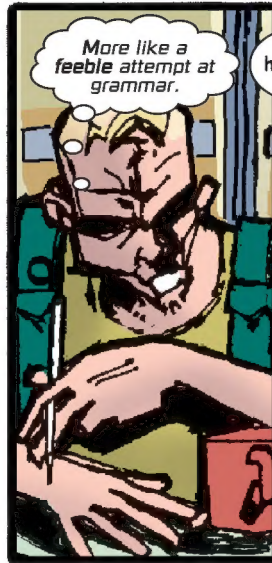
To preach their defamation manifesto of the American copper Penny.



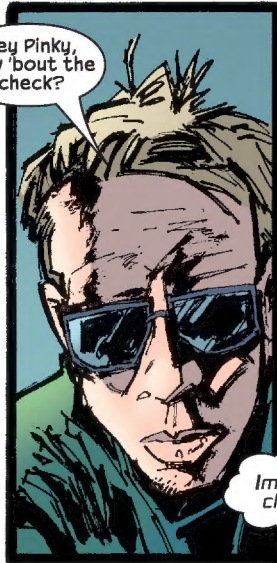
Eyewitnesses claim nothing was taken.



Only the phrase "penny for u thought" left behind.



More like a feeble attempt at grammar.



Hey Pinky, how 'bout the check?

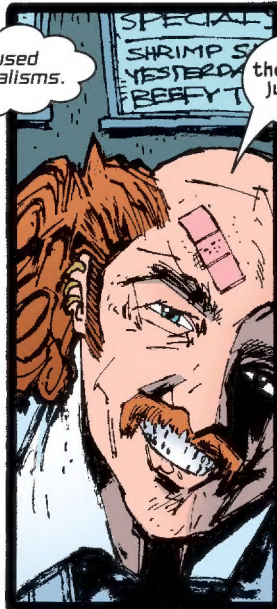
Improper clause.



S'cuse me, any chance me gettin' change of a buck?



Overused colloquialisms.

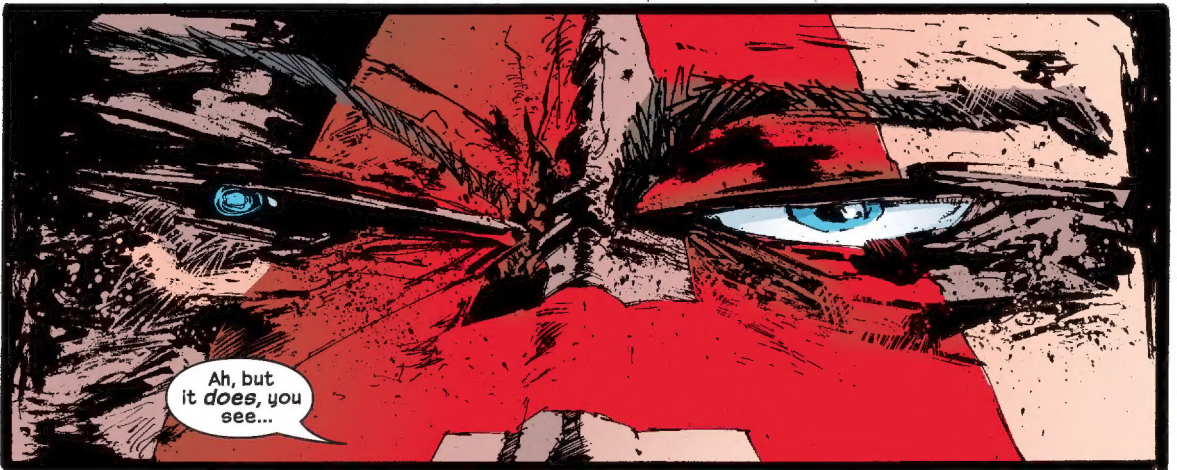
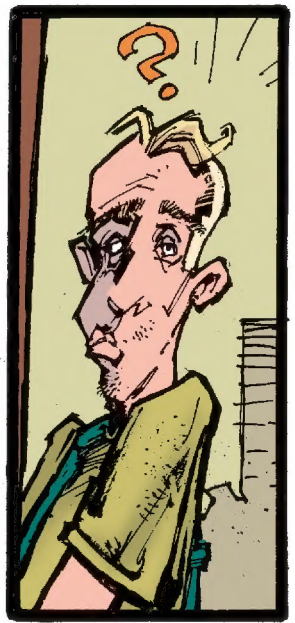


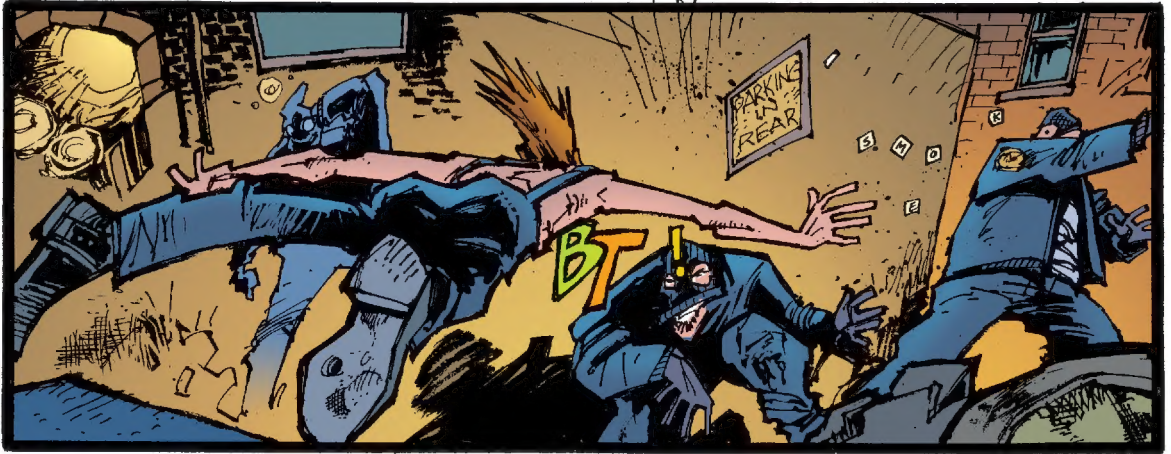
Sure there, Missy, jus' gimme a sec.

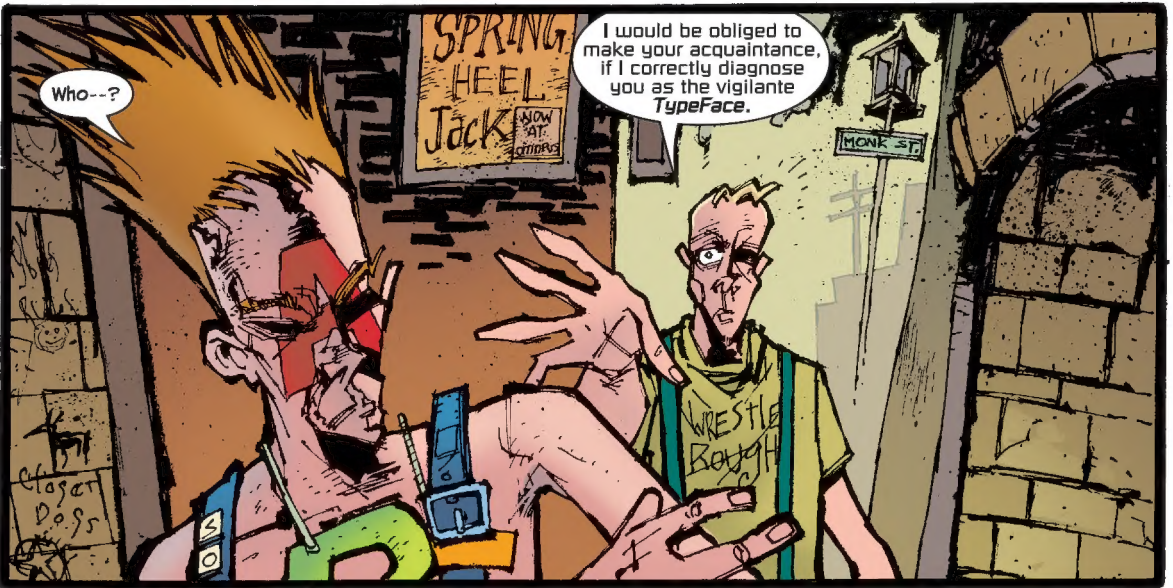
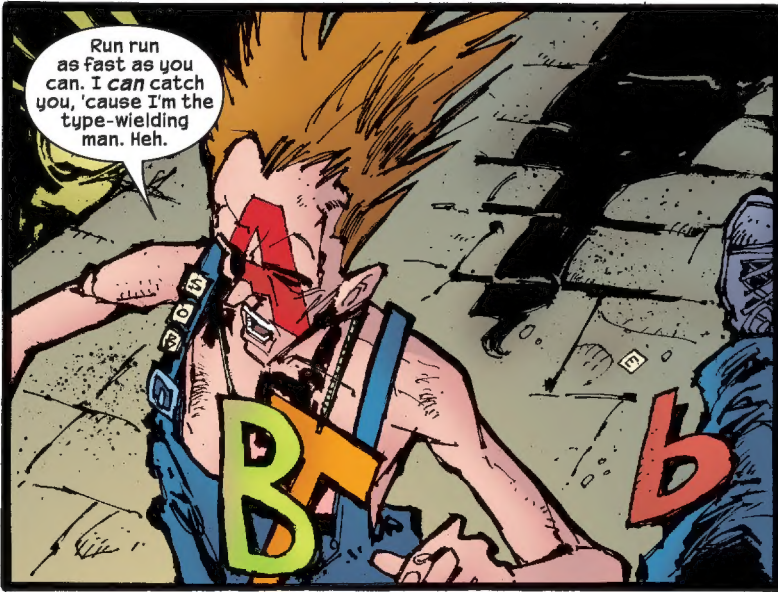


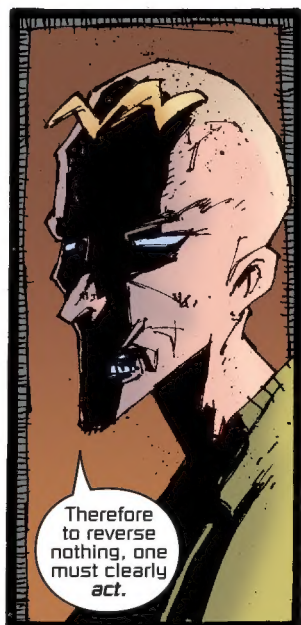
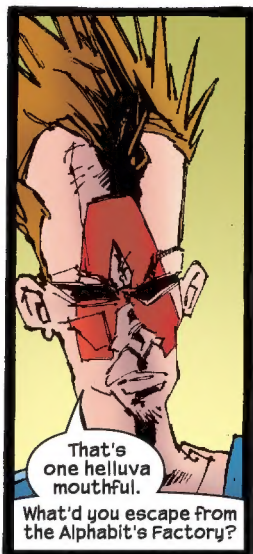
Pretentious contractive syntax.











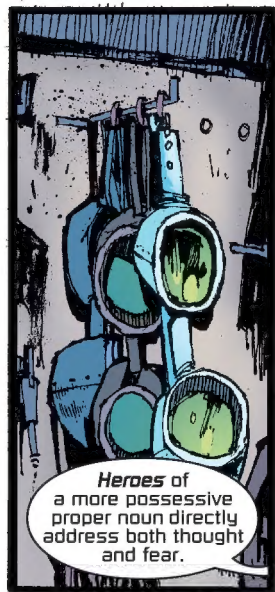


The vernacular
to threaten seems
appropriate.

Or *perhaps*
the direct informative
approach is better.



Proper
heroes leave
an indelible
impression first
time out.



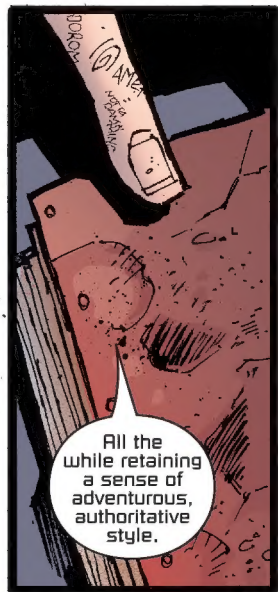
Heroes of
a more possessive
proper noun directly
address both thought
and fear.



But it's too
laborious and slow
for my immediate
situation.



I need
something prompt
as well as witty to
draw the victim's
attention--



All the
while retaining
a sense of
adventurous,
authoritative
style.

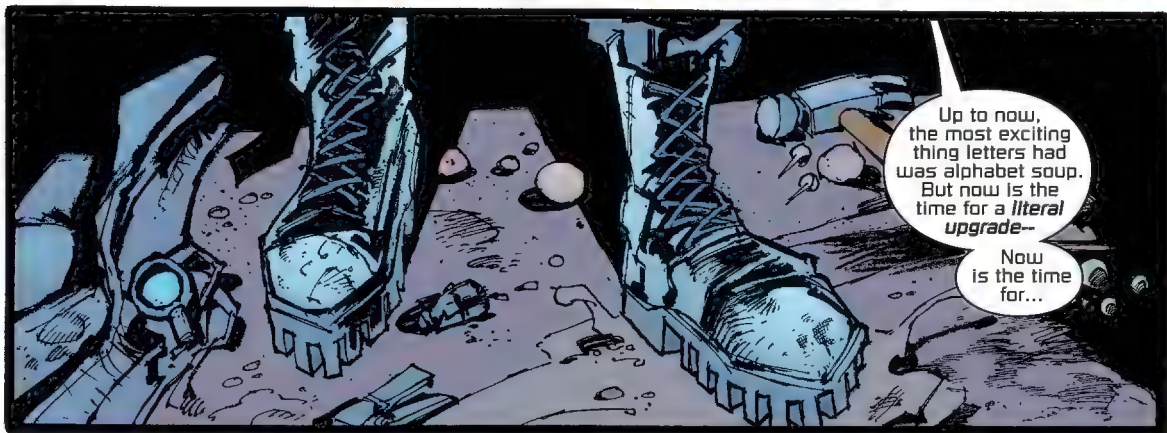


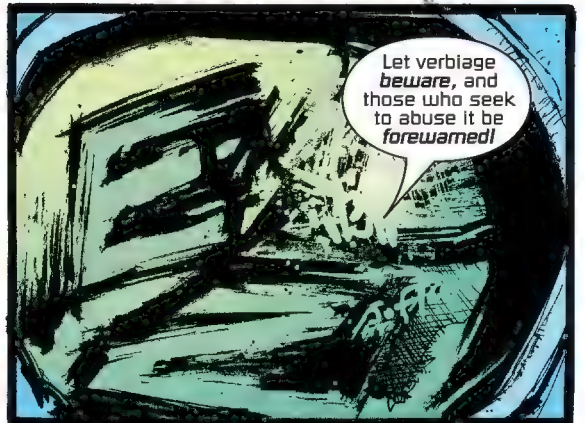
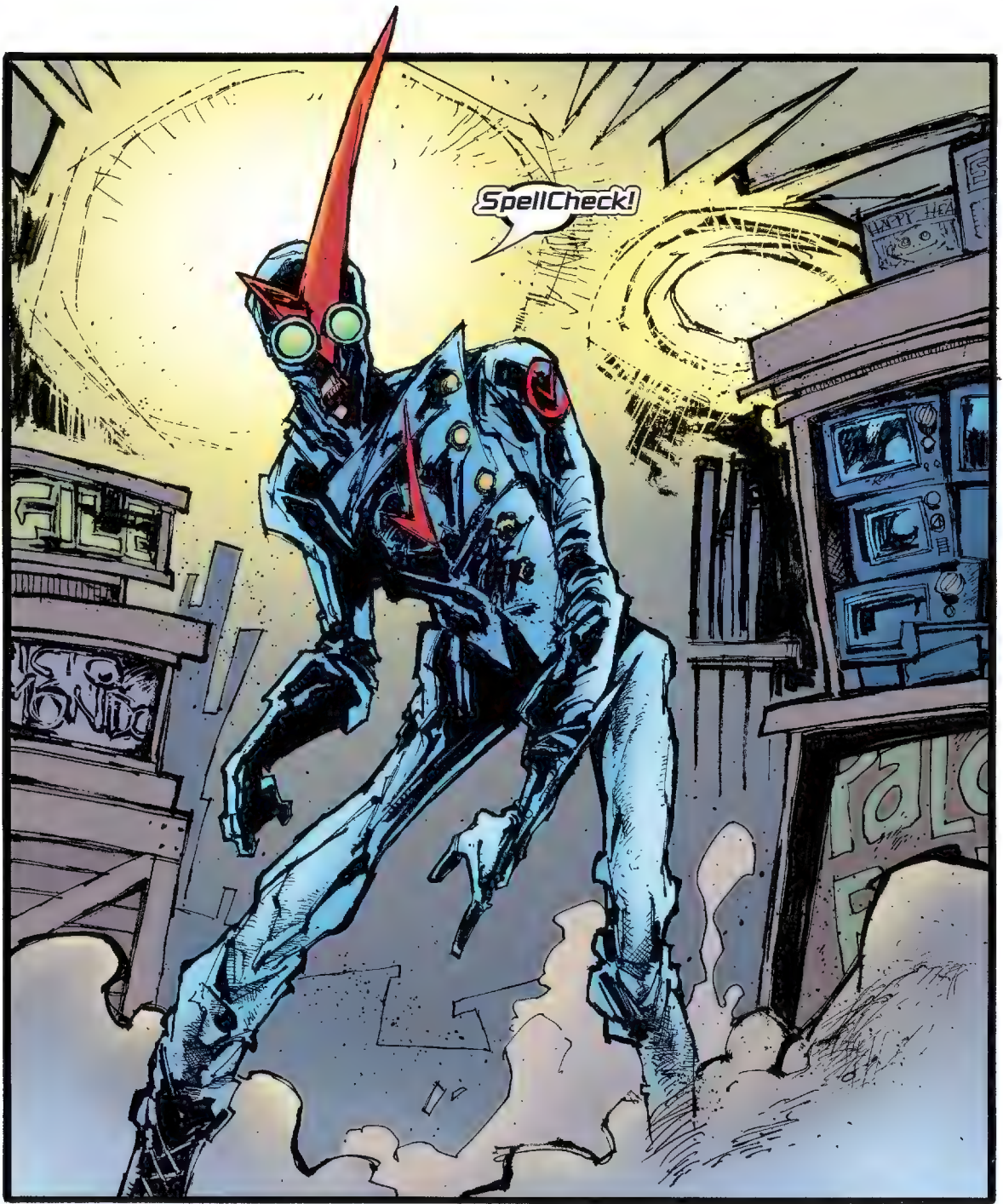
An excellent
name void of
hyphens is better
grasped.

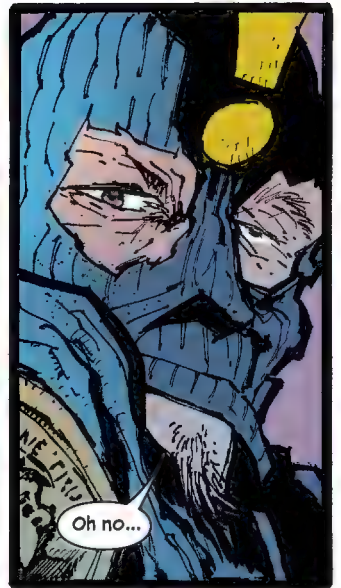
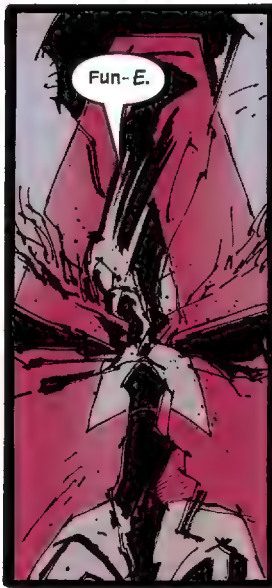
Literal Lad?

No.

Phrase
Phantom?

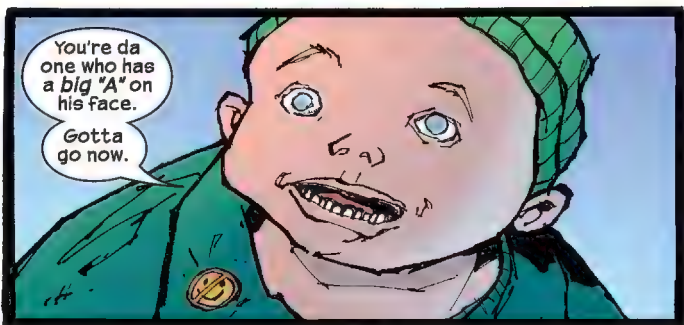
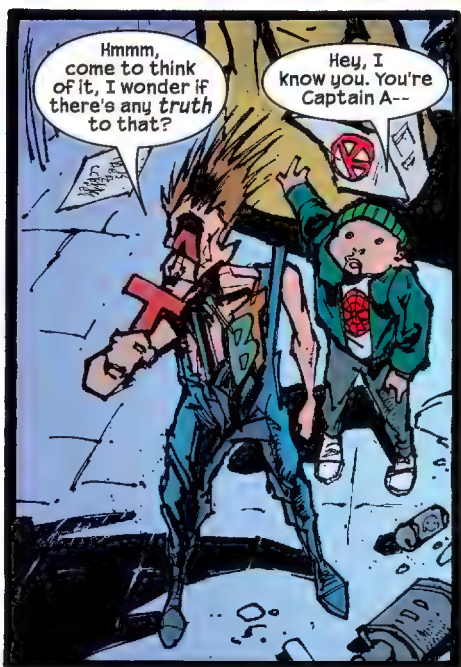
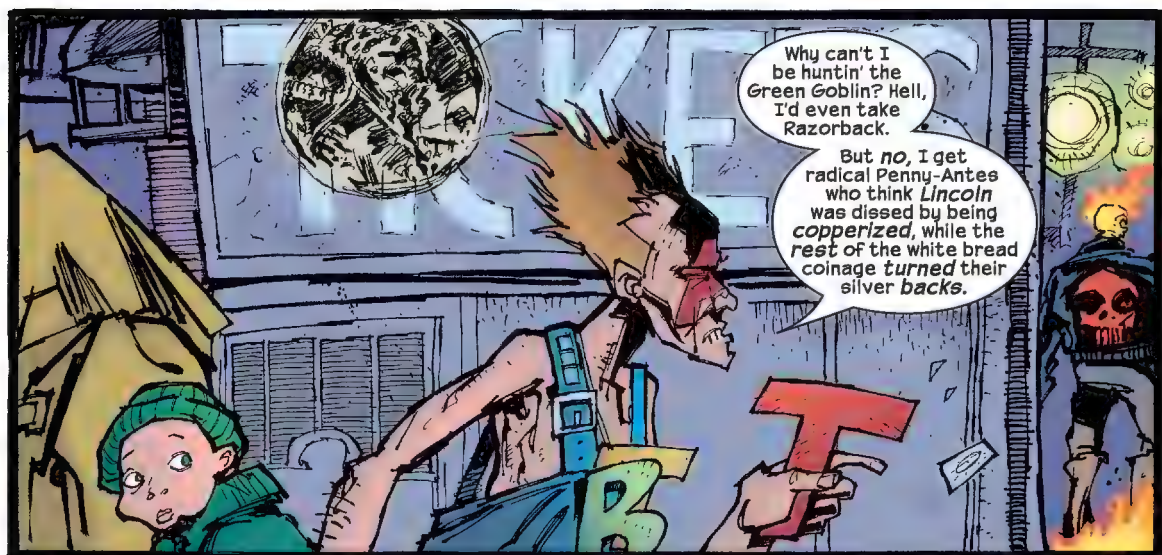


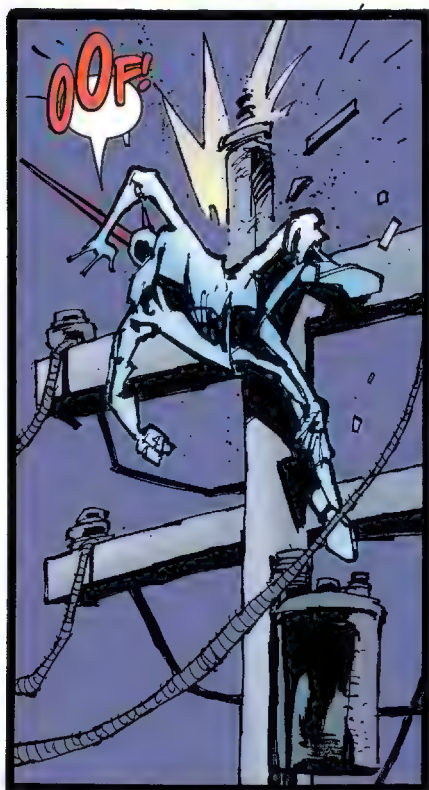
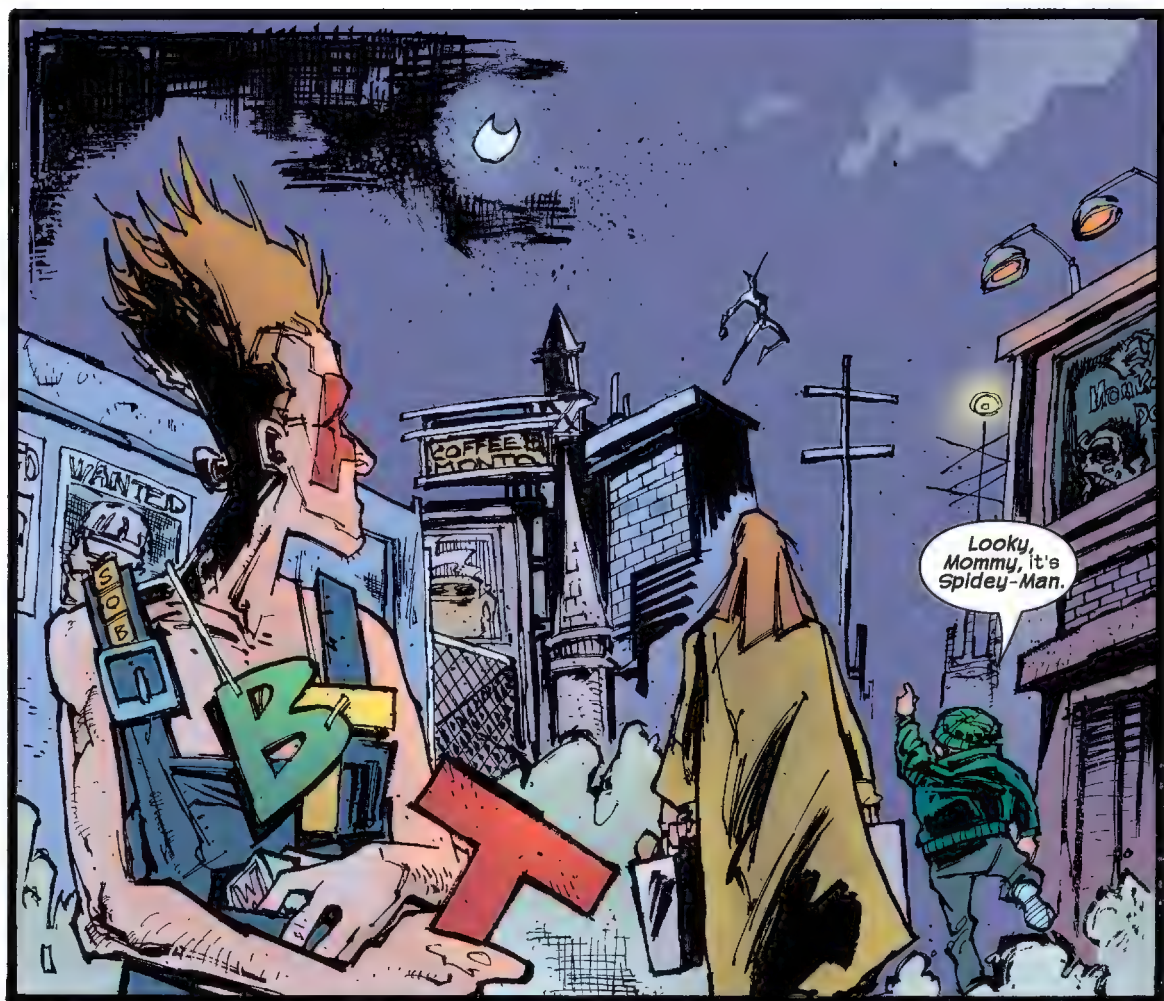


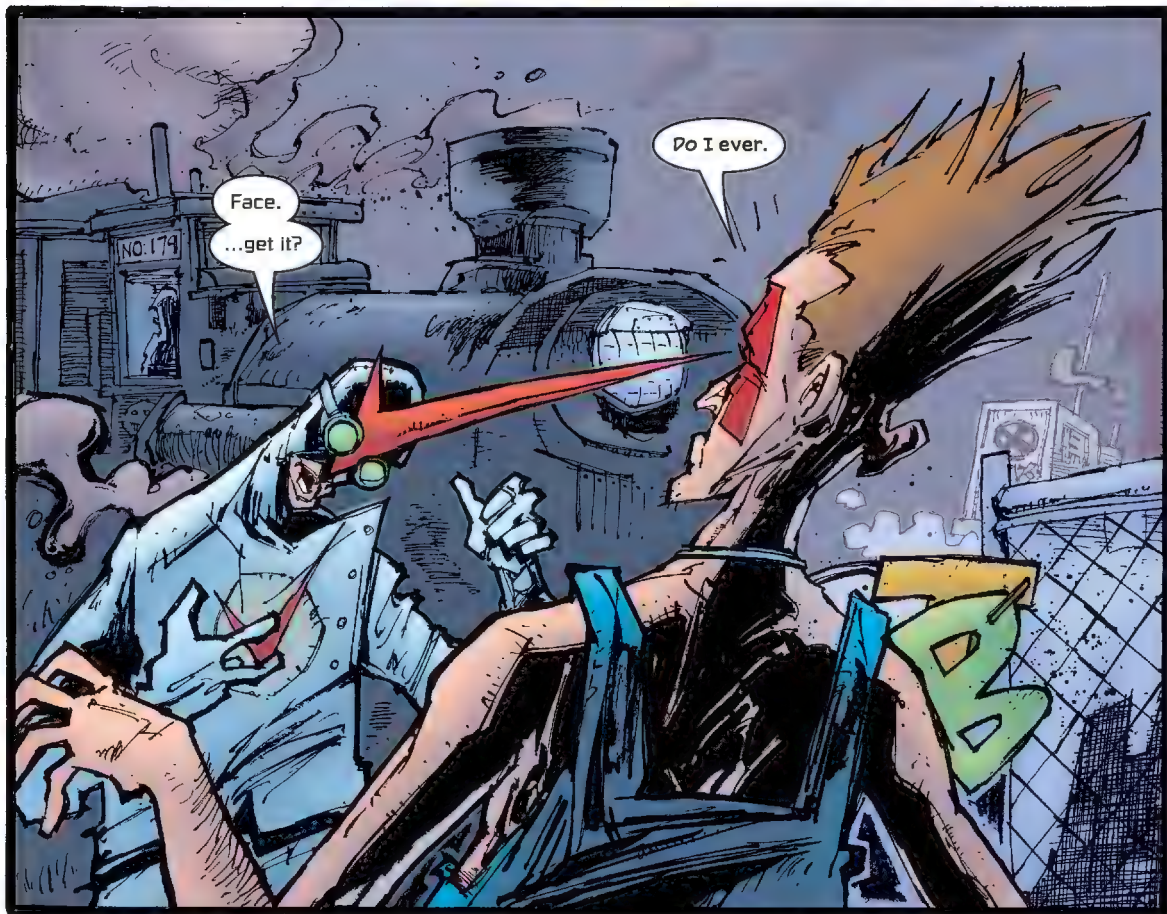
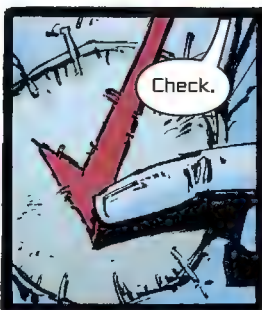




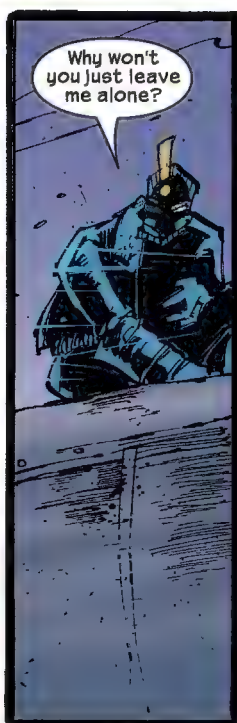
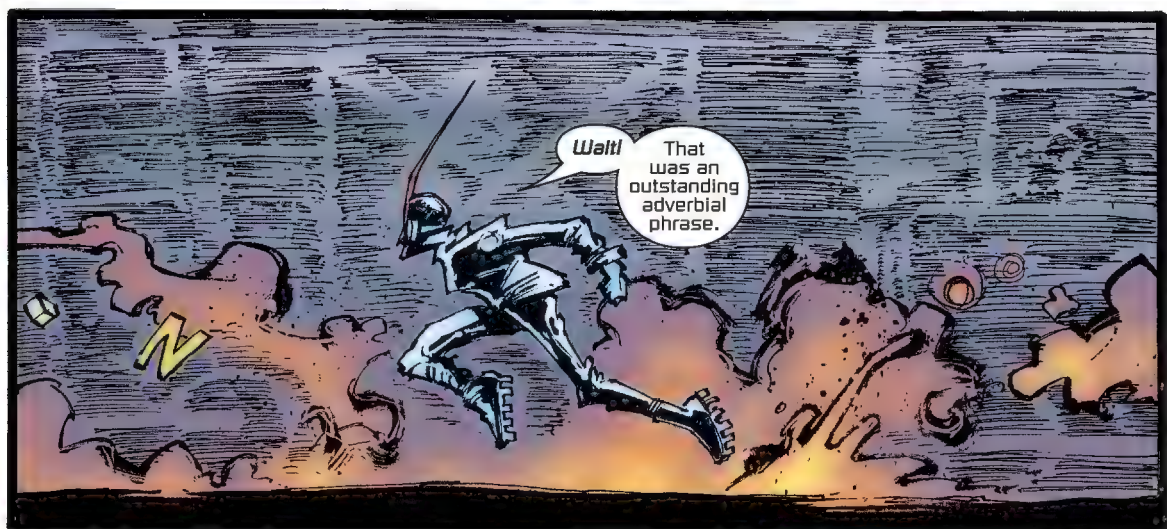


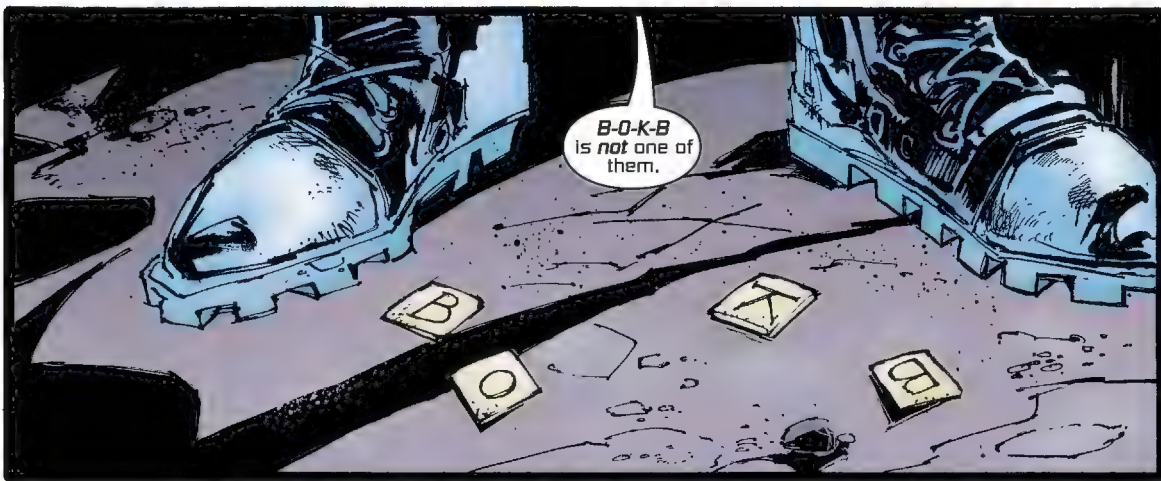
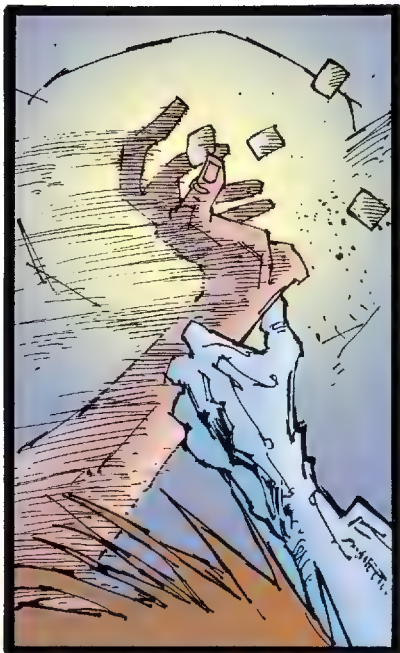


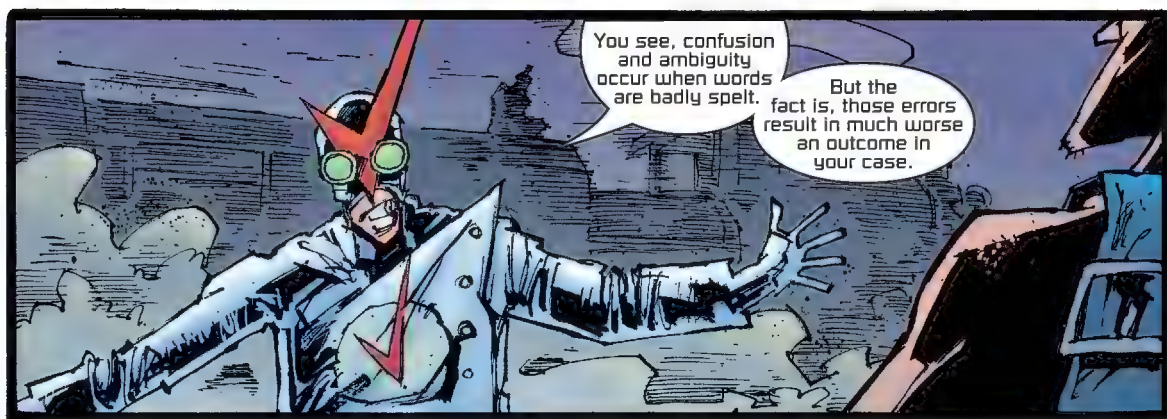






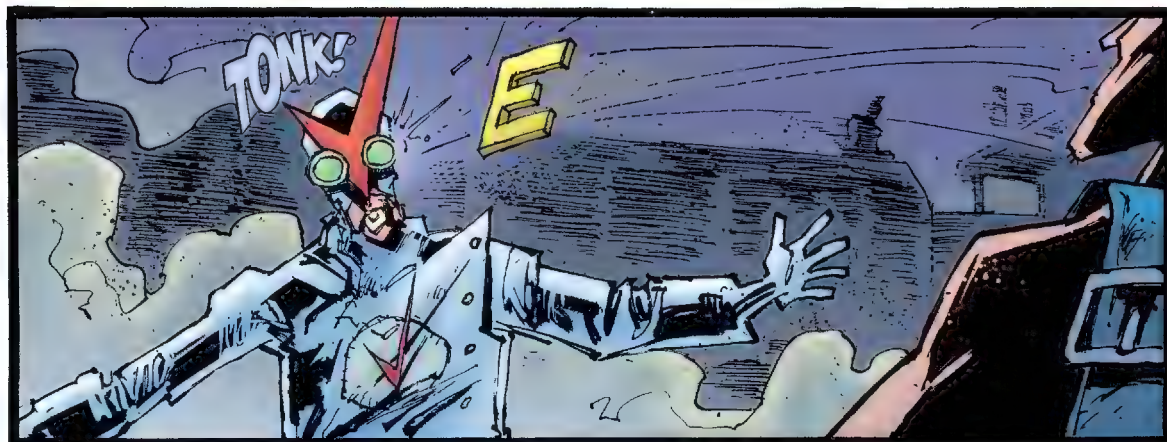






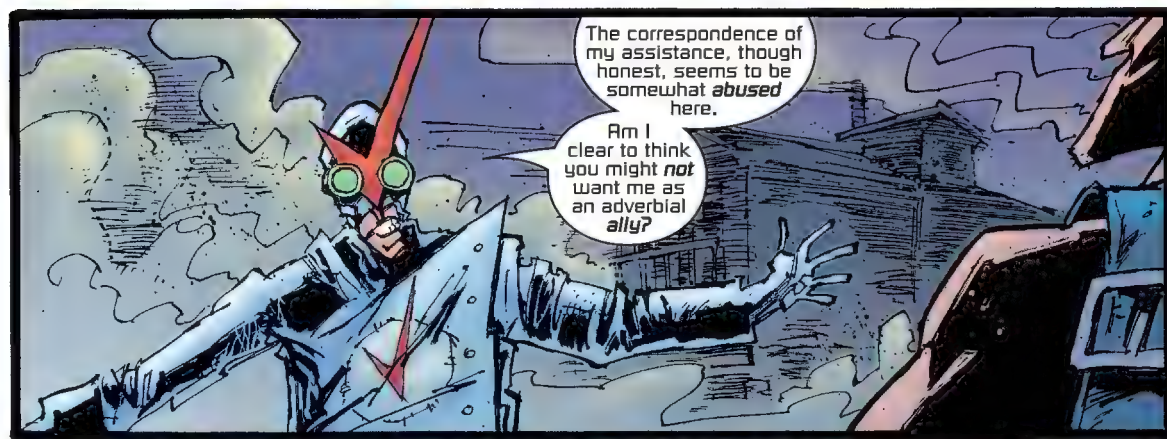
You see, confusion and ambiguity occur when words are badly spelt.

But the fact is, those errors result in much worse an outcome in your case.



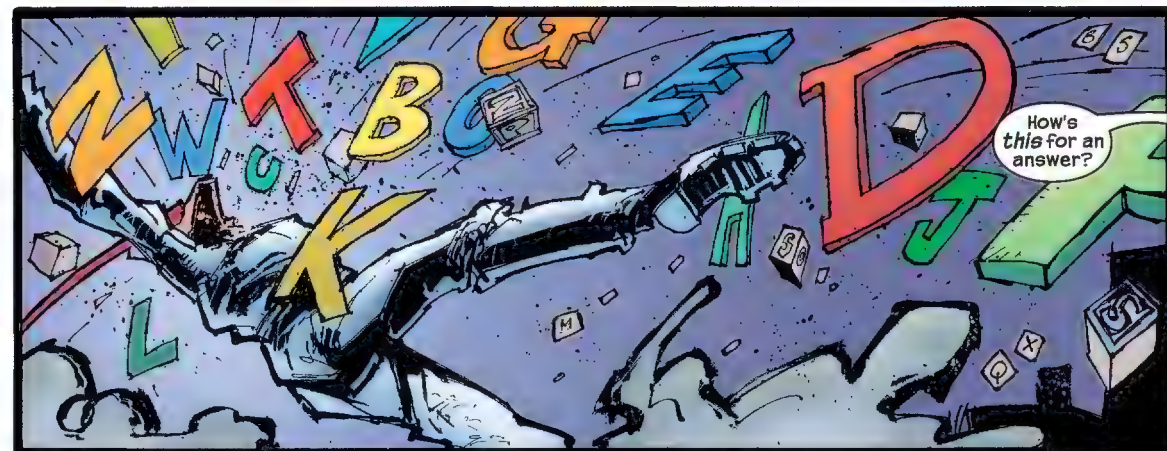
TONK!

E

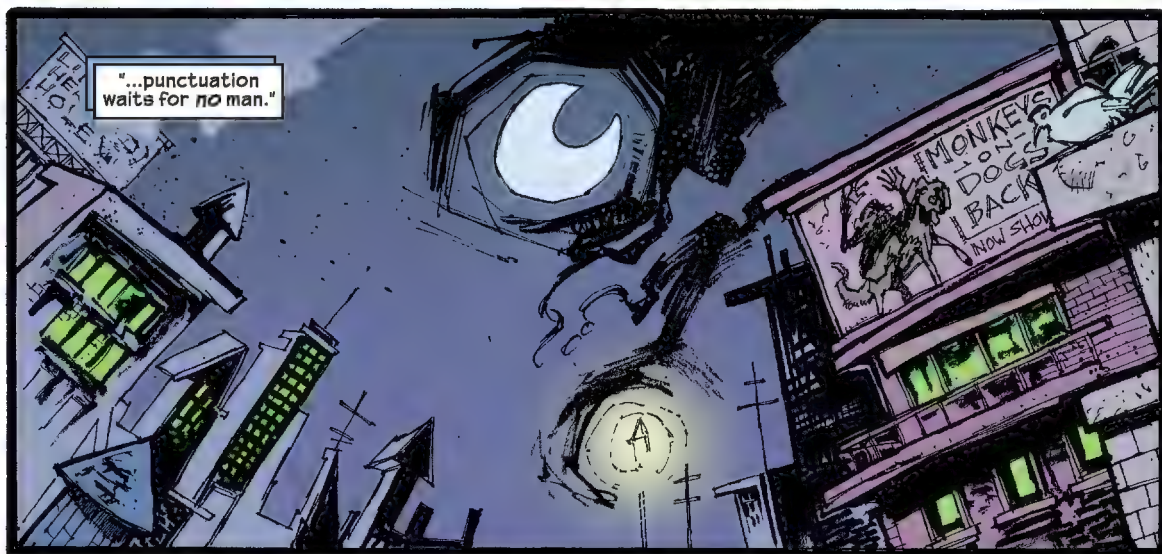
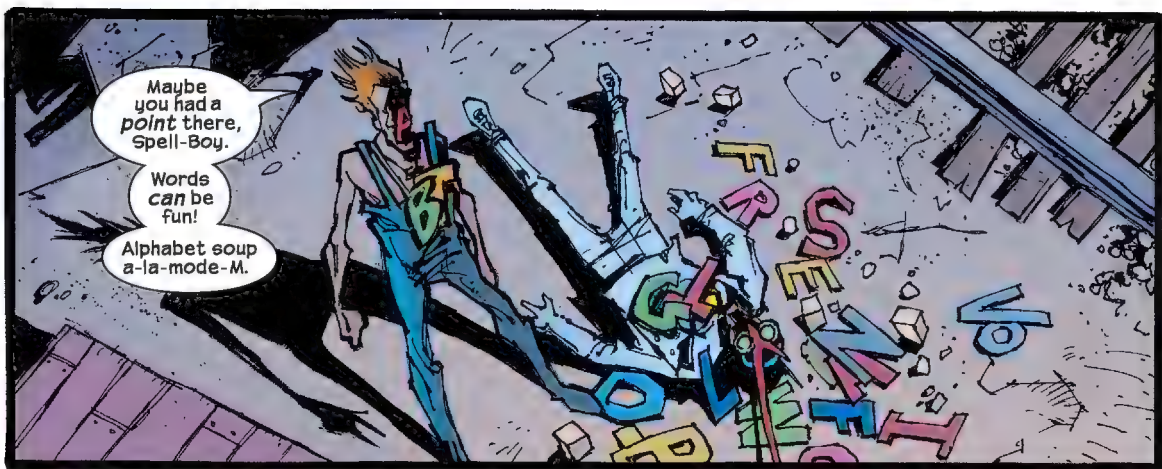


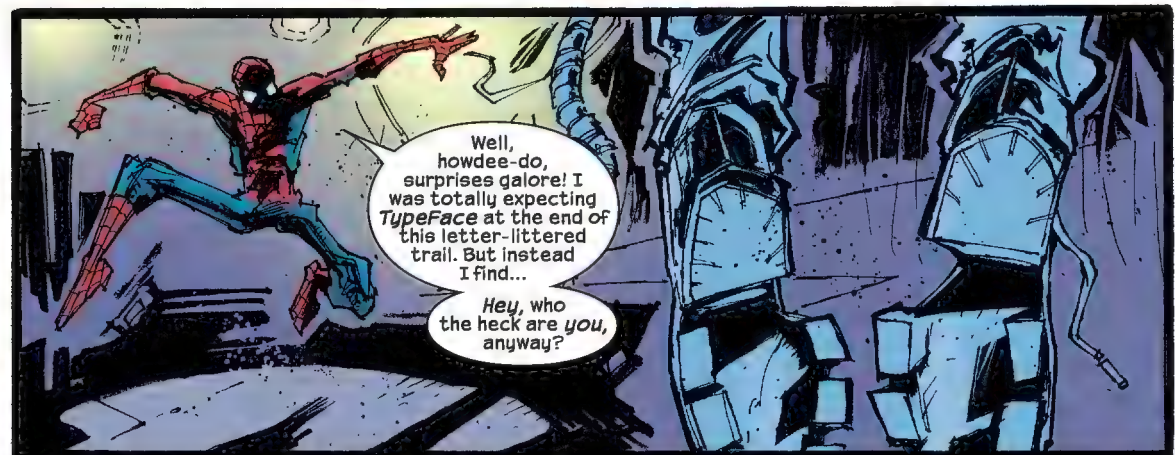
The correspondence of my assistance, though honest, seems to be somewhat *abused* here.

Am I clear to think you might *not* want me as an *adverbial ally*?



How's *this* for an answer?







TED MCKEEVER/writer-artist
STEVE BUCCELLATO/colors
PAUL TUTRONE/letters
JOHN MIESEGAES/editor
AXEL ALONSO/supervising editor
JOE QUESADA / chief
BILL JEMAS/president



play it cool, clever.

I don't say I like 'em big and blonde and busty, with luscious red lips and itsy-bitsy skirts that wouldn't even make me a handkerchief.

I keep it all nice and sweet. P.C.

HUGGABLE BEAR SEEKS WELL-BUILT PICNIC PARTNER TO SHARE POT OF HONEY AT END OF RAINBOW.

MUST BE ANIMAL-LOVER.

HUGGABLE BEAR SEEKS WELL-BUILT PICNIC PARTNER TO SHARE POT OF HONEY AT END OF RAINBOW.

MUST BE ANIMAL-LOVER.

ONLINE DATING SERVICE WWW.FV



That's Politically Correct to the uninitiated.

Y'see, I got myself a little education during my last stretch in the joint.

JOANNA J. WAS HERE

FREE LATTE WITH 56 HOURS OF INTERNET USE!!

STOKEN WORD on Friday it sucks.

NEWS
RE!!
JOHN MISEGAS FANCLUB



CREEK!

These days, I really am smarter than the average bear.

I gotta admit, it felt good slipping back into the old costume, even it was a bit worse for wear and stank of cheap booze and cigarettes.

The guards had been borrowing it for parties and stuff.

Some folks got no respect. Just 'cause a guy's locked up...

This time, I took all the rehabilitation courses going, even came first in Anger-Management.

dust!
dust!

The parole officer set me up with a nice little apartment, albeit in a nasty part of town.

The first welfare check arrived this morning.

Time to pick up some real clothes, get out there, and contribute to society the way only someone with my untapped potential can.

All I gotta do is live the quiet life...

KLANG!
K-TANG!

What dumb-ass punk left this in the middle of the--

Whoa!
Whoa! Keep the noise down, will--



ROBERT TAYLOR...WRITER
JIM HANCOCK...ARTIST
STEVE BUCCELLATO...COLORS
PAUL TUTTONE...LETTERS
JIM MIESEGNER...ASSISTANT EDITOR
MAX ALONSO...EDITOR
JESUS...EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JENNS...PRESIDENT





NO NEW MESSAGES



Hey, huggy bear, long time no see.

Ain't you hot in there? You should get yourself shaved for summer.

Can't find that special someone to do my back, Luce, seeing as you keep turning me down.

Gimme a T-bone with all the trimmings. Feels like I haven't eaten right in years.

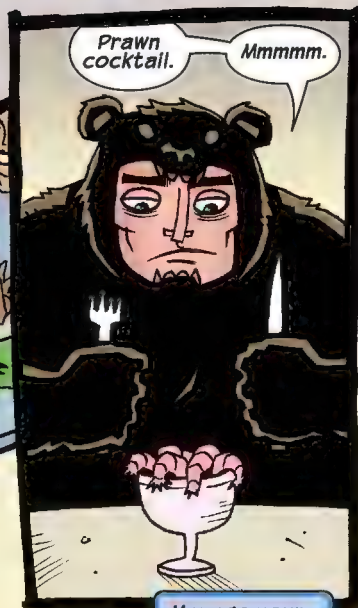


Sorry, sugar.

Your buddy down there just ordered up all the steaks in the freezer.

What, uh...

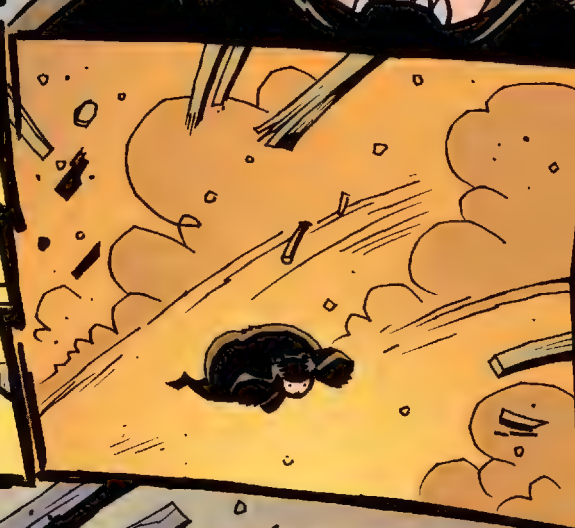
What else have you got?



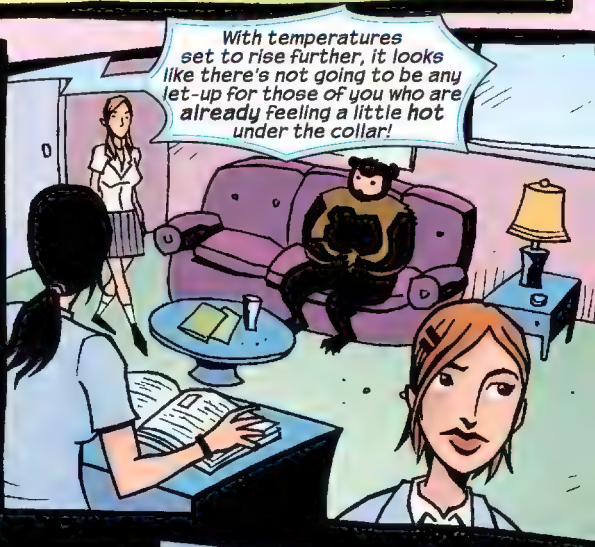
Prawn cocktail.

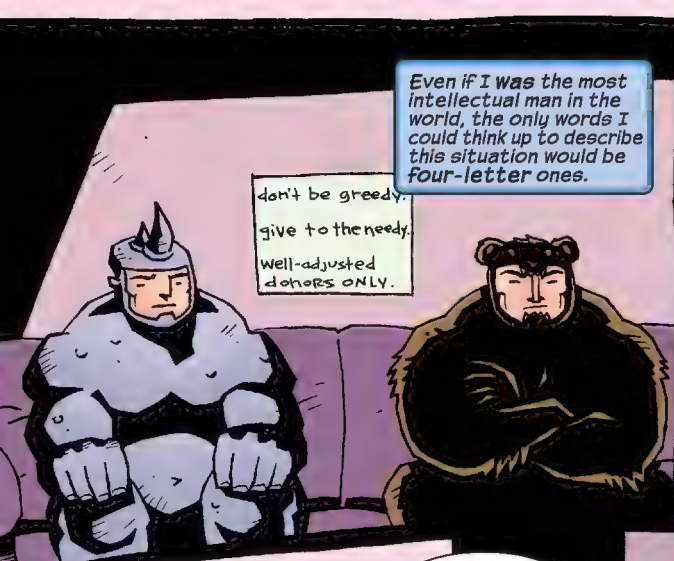
Mmmm.

Manage your anger. Manage your anger.



NO NEW MESSAGES





Even if I was the most intellectual man in the world, the only words I could think up to describe this situation would be four-letter ones.



That ain't too far-fetched, y'know. They can do that kinda stuff these days. Make men pregnant.

Is that a fact? Somebody read it to you in a magazine?



Mr. Rhino? Your cubicle's ready for you now, sir.

Mr. Grizzly? I'm sorry, but we've been extremely busy today. Would you mind using the same cubicle as Mr. Rhino? After he's finished, of course.



Put your feet up, Yogi. This might take a while.



Some magazines, sir...?



Manage your anger. Manage your anger.



What're you up to?

You've been staring at that glass for the last half-hour.



Concentrating. I'm trying to develop a super-power, the ability to brew beer outta clean air, and refill my glass.

Is it working?

Nah. All the strainin' just makes me need to go to the john.



Only five squares left.



GRAB!

Hey!



I know this is a villains' bar, but what kinda lowlife steals another guy's--

Whoa! Whoa!

Gimme that back, dammit!

33 SC FOR a great time!

Med





I spend so much time hanging about this place that pretty soon they'll be calling me *your friendly neighborhood barfly*.

If I don't watch out, *J. Jonah Jameson*'ll start claiming that I've got an alcohol problem on top of everything else.

Hell's bells, this is all I need...



Uh-uh, Fozzie...

This is what you need!



Just keep lookin' the other way, wall-crawler...



A sneak attack, Rhino?

Gimme a break.



Even on tiptoe, you sound like the Hulk doing the can-can.



Back when I worked the pro wrestling circuit, I got the reputation for never going down, no matter how hard I got hit.

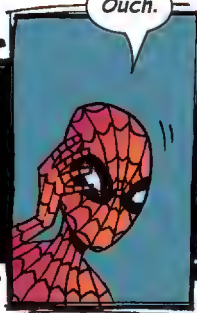


WOAAARRGH!

Sure wish I could shake the habit...

FEDDMMMP!

Ouch.



Y'know, some guys you just can't help feeling sorry for.

I mean, what age are you two? Forty plus? And you're still rolling about the street like a couple of schoolkids?

Get a life, or I'm going to track down a super-powered taxidermist and turn you both into hatstands.



Better still, use your animal magnetism and go get yourselves a girl.

You could do it over the internet. Just don't send them your prison mugshots...



Internet dating.

You'd have to be pretty sad to try that, huh?

Yeah...

Real sad...



You remember how long it takes for his webbing to dissolve?

Eight, nine hours.

It's gonna be a long night.



Ever feel as if the world's passing you by and ain't gonna stop no matter how much you wave at it?

Yeah. One time, you only had to put on a costume, bust up a bank and you didn't have to work again for six months.

Nowadays, they just don't take you seriously. What do they want us to do? Use a gun?



Don't see any of them rushing to help...

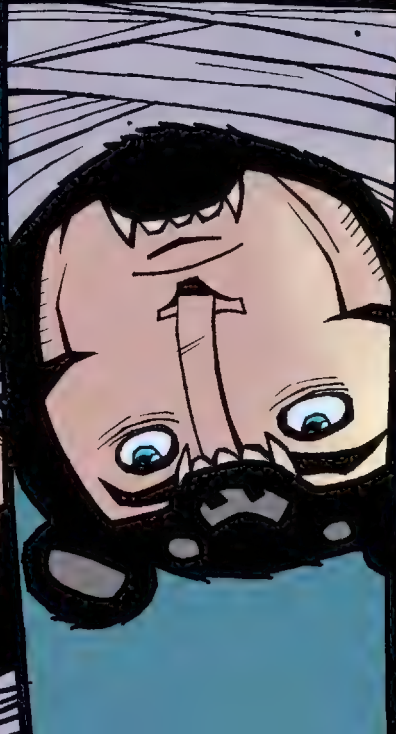
Well, they are the bad guys.

Don't let 'em see it's buggin' you. You gotta take these setbacks with dignity.



Easy for you to say, you're not the one who's gonna land on his head once the webbing dissolves.

Don't worry, man, I'll catch you.



Rhino?

You still up for that house-warming?

HONEY'S MY FAVORITE SNACK,
ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S DRIZZLED
ALL OVER MY BODY, WAITING TO
BE LICKED OFF.
- HONEY BUNCH



Hey man,
what're you up
to? Auditioning
for 'Bear On
A Hot Tin
Roof'?

Nah, I met
a girl. Well,
kinda.

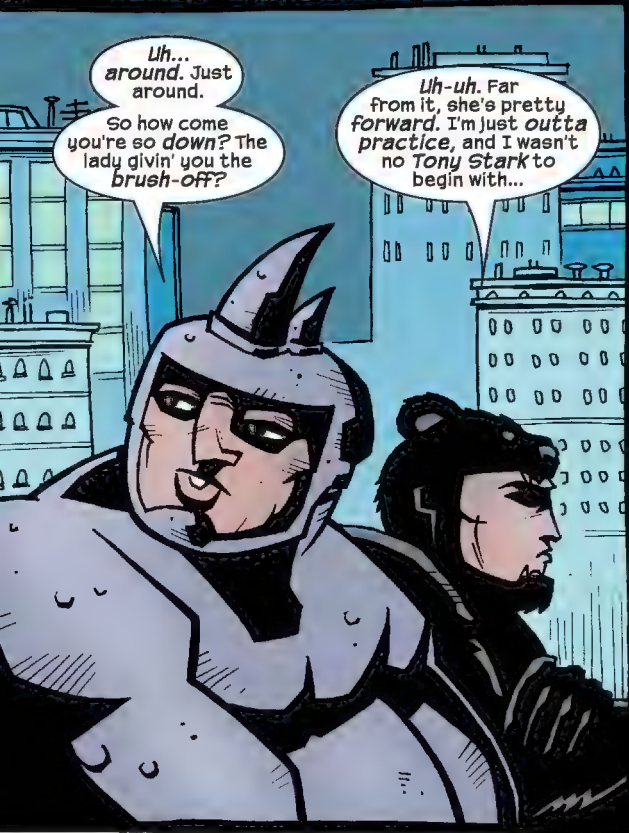
Yeah?
Ain't that a
kick in the
head? So
did I.



A real sweetheart,
too. And well-built,
if you know what
I mean.

We ain't got it
on yet, but I been
makin' the moves and
I can tell she's real
interested.

Where'd
you meet?



Uh...
around. Just
around.

So how come
you're so down? The
lady givin' you the
brush-off?

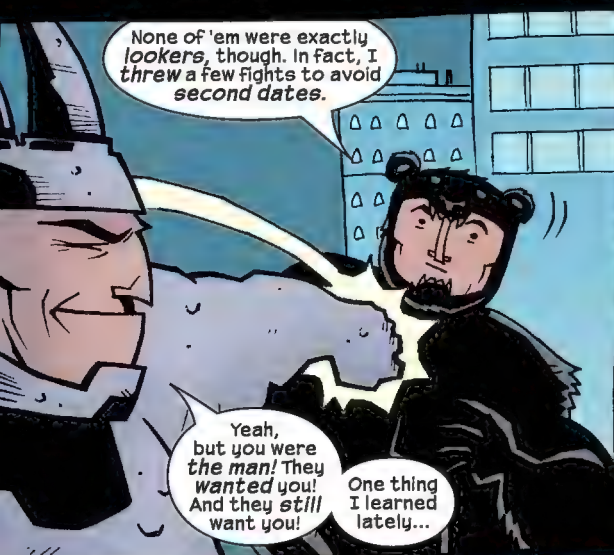
Uh-uh. Far
from it, she's pretty
forward. I'm just outta
practice, and I wasn't
no Tony Stark to
begin with...



What--
a hunky guy like
you, ex-athlete?
You must've
been fightin'
'em off.

Well, my
ring days were
before W.W.F.
and all the glitzy
stuff, but
there were a
few...

Turned
on by my
trademark
grizzly roar
when I won
a bout.



None of 'em were exactly lookers, though. In fact, I threw a few fights to avoid second dates.

Yeah, but you were the man! They wanted you! And they still want you!

One thing I learned lately...



Don't try to be something you're not. Just be yourself.

And don't try to hit her with any of that sensitive, intelligent, nice guy stuff you think she wants to hear.



You're a badass supervillain. The ladies love that. They dig the danger.

Hell, I better keep my girl outta your way, or you'll sweep her off her feet too.



Go on. Lemme hear it.

Hear what?

That old grizzly roar.

Nudge!



-KAFF-
KAFF-
KAFF!

Better lay off the roar.

Cough like that on the night and she might think you ain't got the stamina.

I try to play it cool, clever...

...but my heart's beating like the drums in a Tarzan movie, and my mind races with every new message, filling up with images of what 'Honey Bunch' might look like.

Dip me in honey and eat me alive.

I love hairy men.

Mr. Grizzly, I've got an itch that only your claws can scratch.

A lot of what we say is pretty hot, x-rated. I'll spare you the details, 'cause I ain't the type to kiss-and-tell.

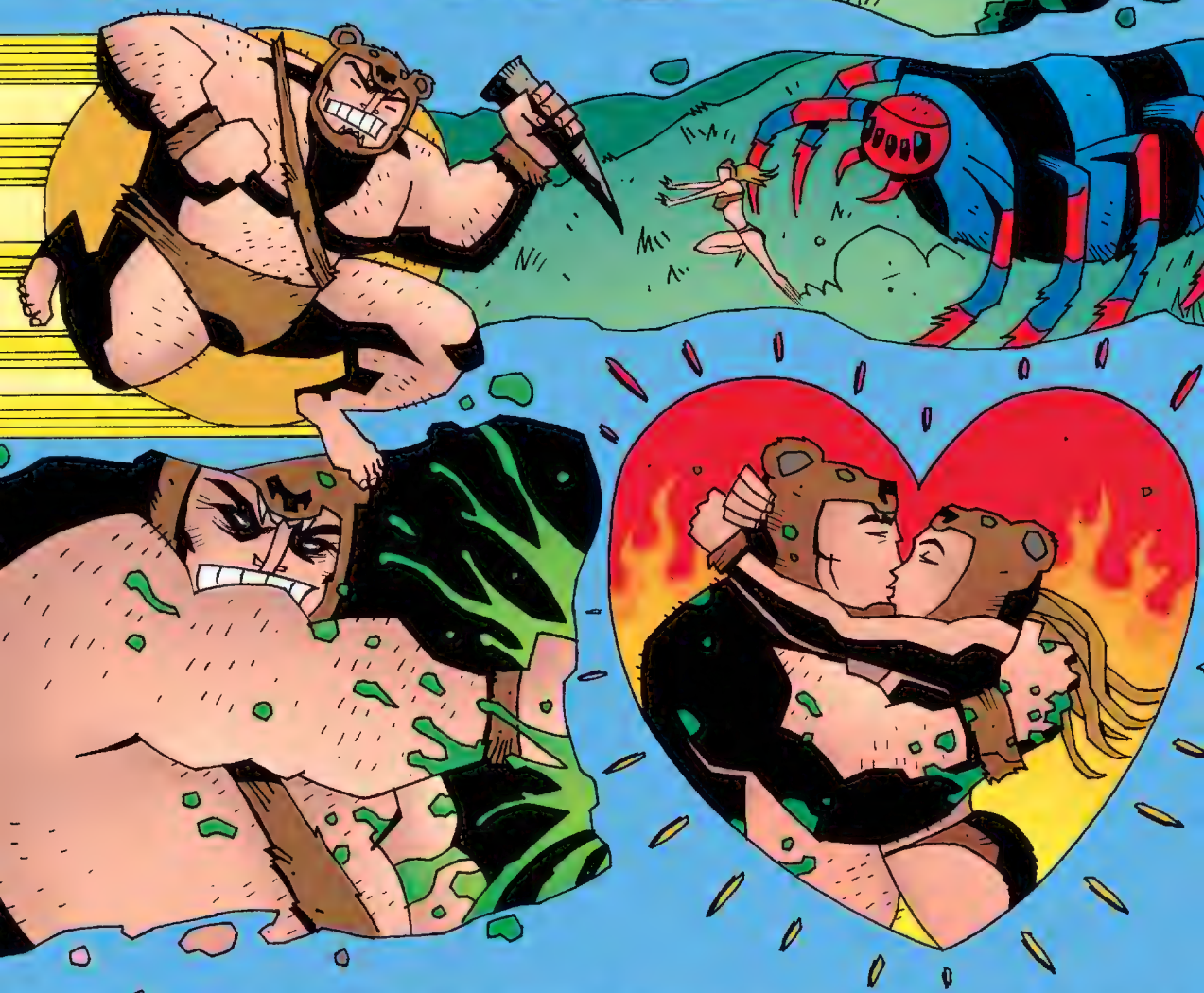
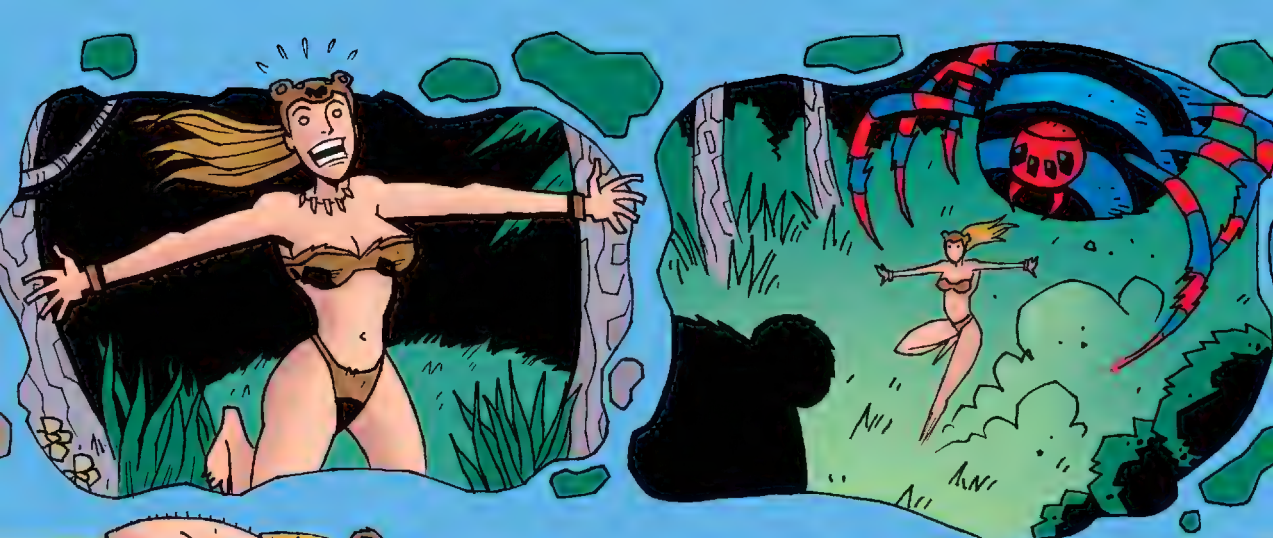
HONEY BUNCH: DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST LEATHER? BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO WEAR...

HUGGY BEAR: NOPE, BUT I CAN THINK OF A COUPLE OF THINGS I'D LIKE TO HAVE AGAINST IT.

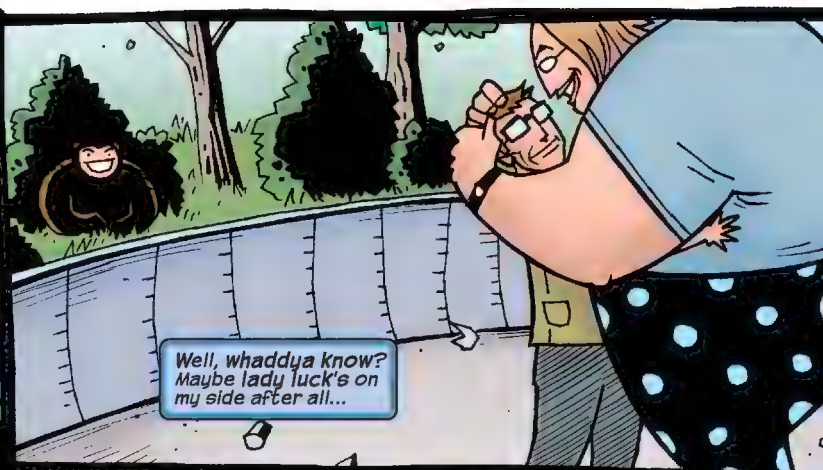
Pretty soon, I figure she's my kinda gal. Just as I'm about to bite the bullet and ask for a date...

HONEY BUNCH: HOW ABOUT THE BRONX ZOO, TOMORROW AT 3.00? I'LL BRING THE HONEY... HUGGY BEAR: AND I'LL BRING THE TONGUE...

iMac
the computer for
LONELY PEOPLE.







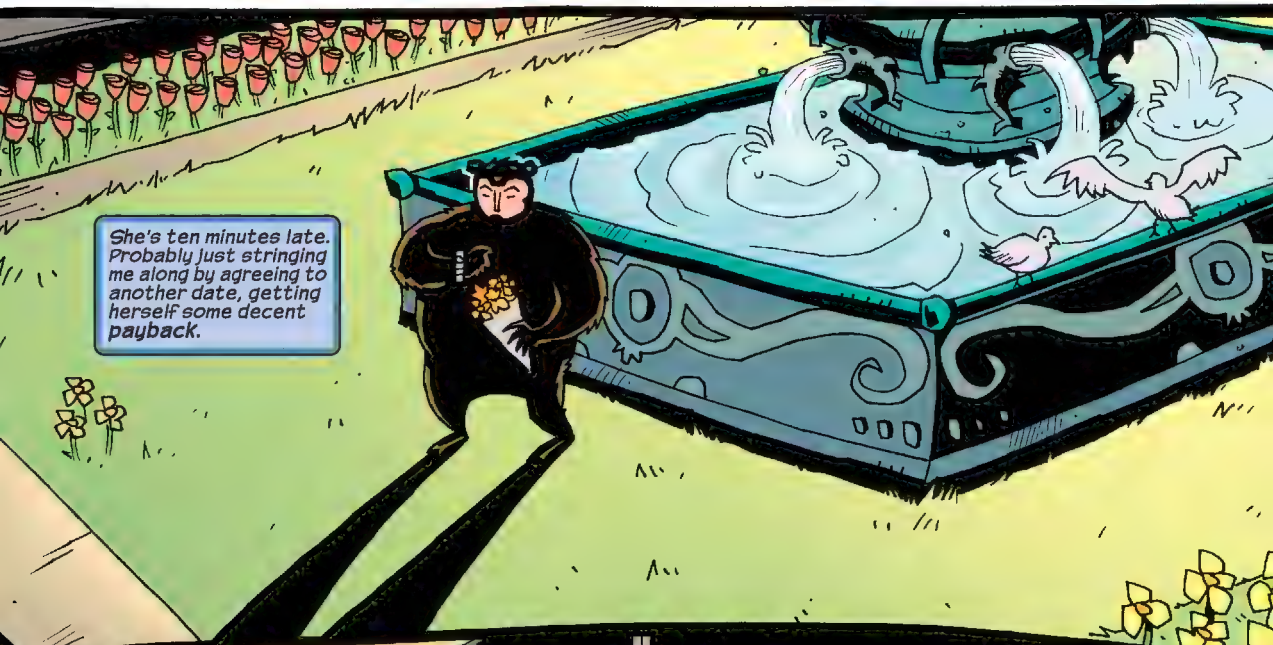


I don't try to be cool or clever.

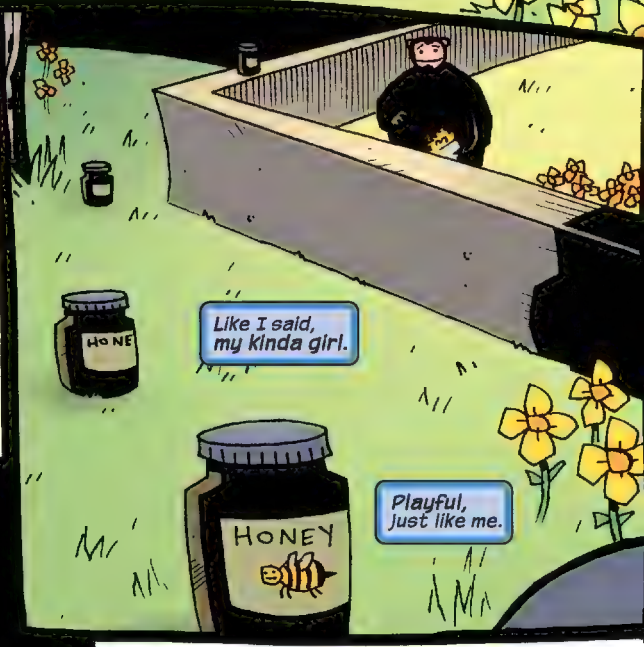
I don't hit her with any of the sensitive, intelligent, nice guy stuff Rhino was harping on about.

I'M THE SADDEST, SORRIEST GUY ON THE PLANET, BUT GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE. PRETTY PLEASE.

I grovel much more than that. Desperation sure is a humbling experience.



She's ten minutes late. Probably just stringing me along by agreeing to another date, getting herself some decent payback.



Like I said, my kinda girl.

Playful, just like me.





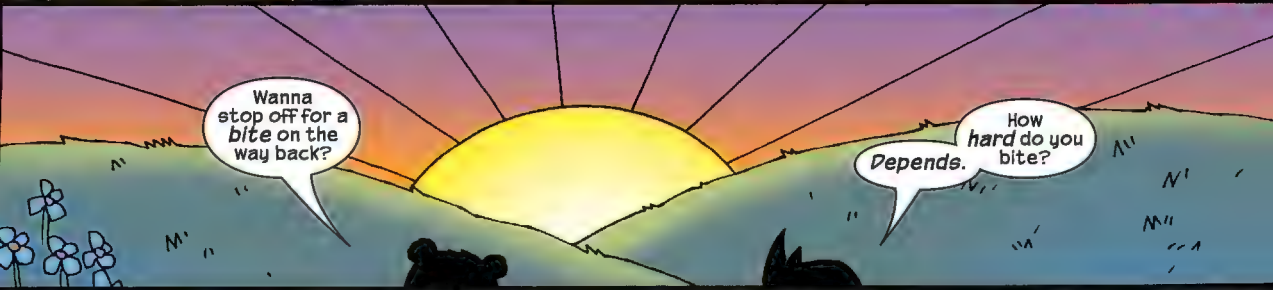
Thought you said internet dating was sad.

Not as sad as going down to the sperm bank for your only recreation.

Sigh. You still going straight?

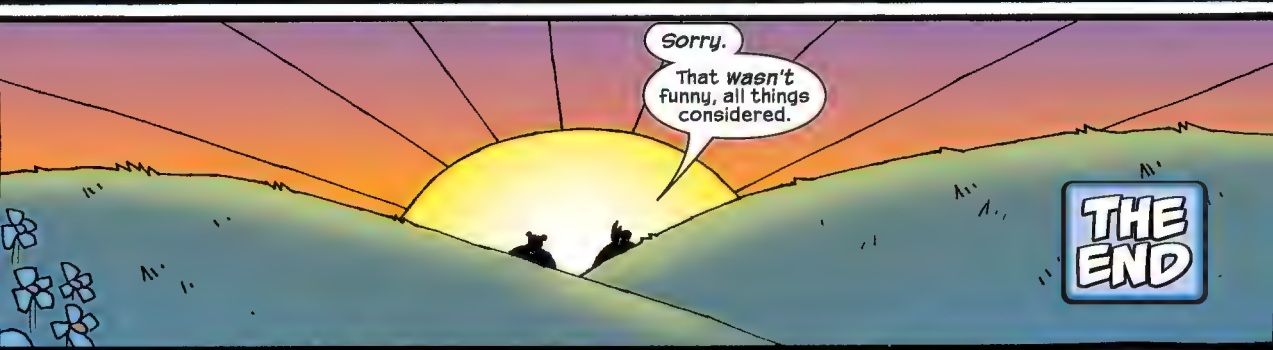
Yeah. Straight back to crime. Real life's way too hard to handle.

THROW!



Wanna stop off for a bite on the way back?

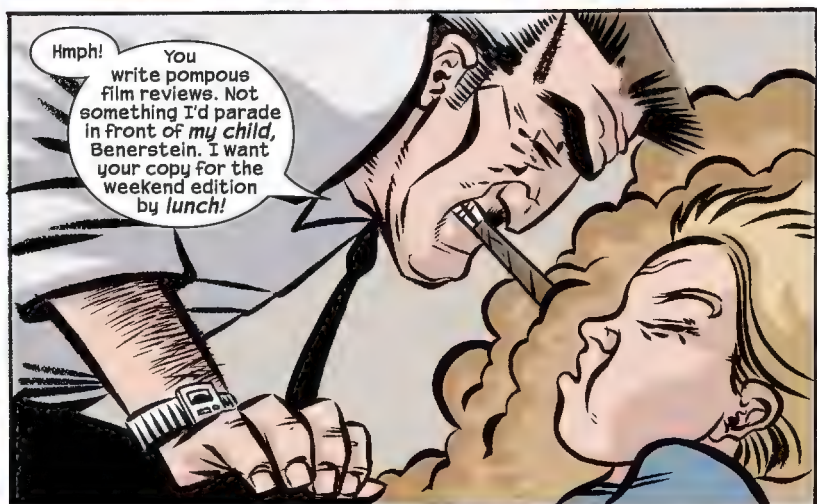
How hard do you bite?
Depends.

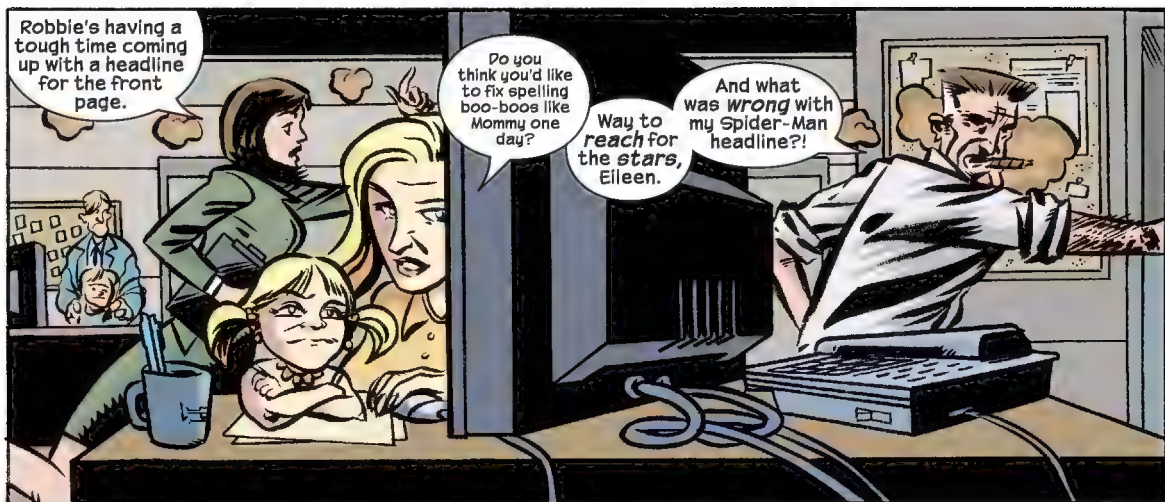


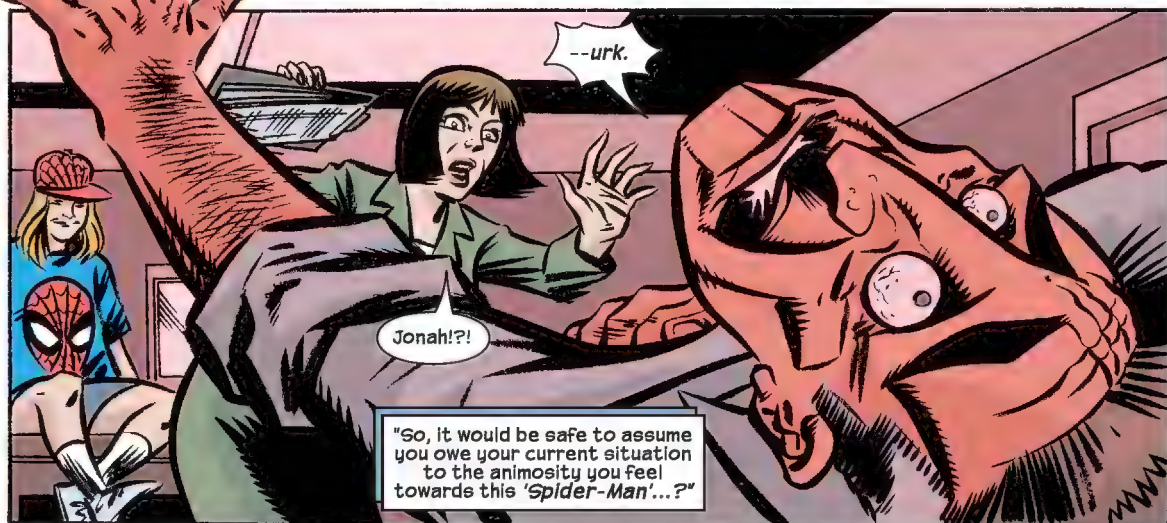
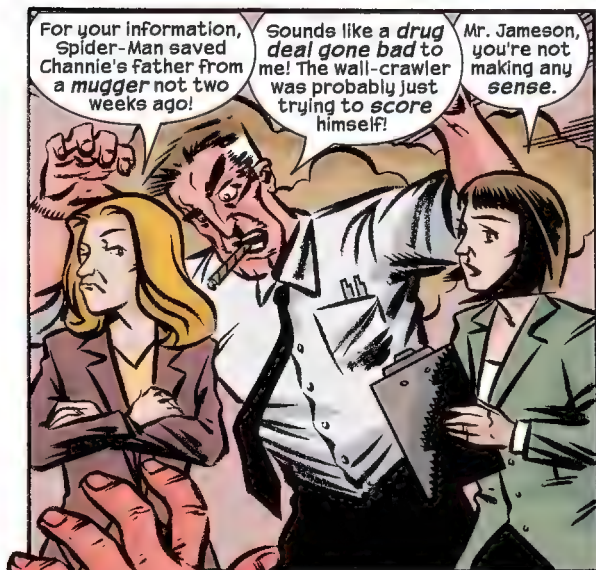
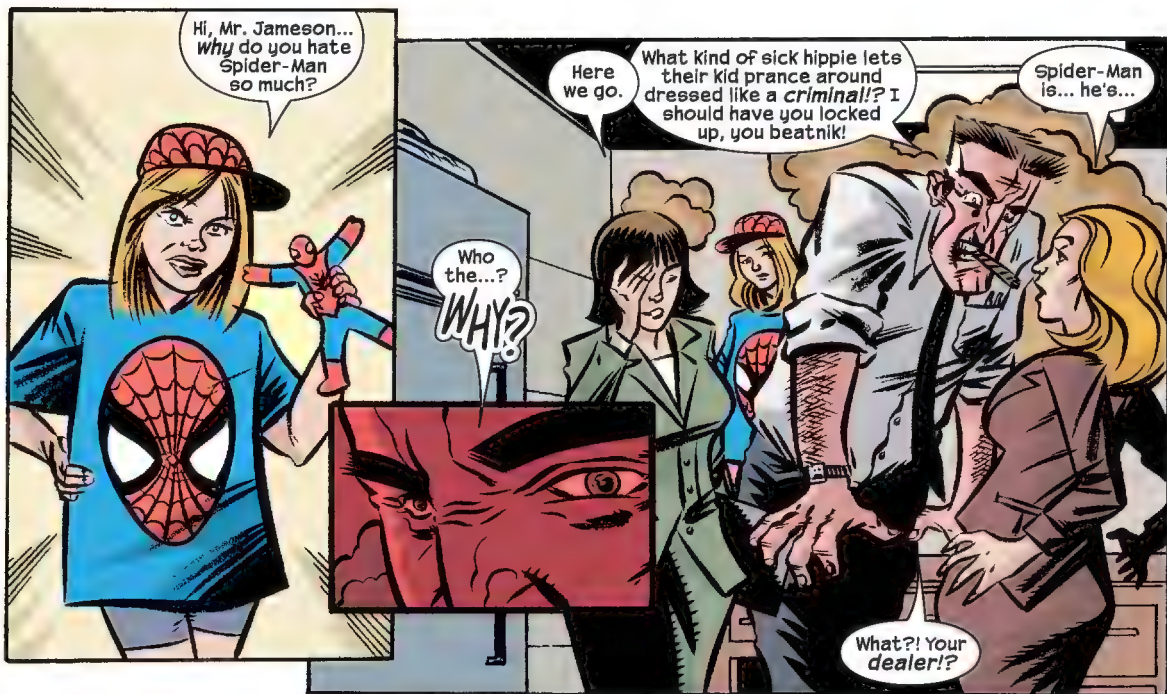
Sorry.

That wasn't funny, all things considered.

THE
END







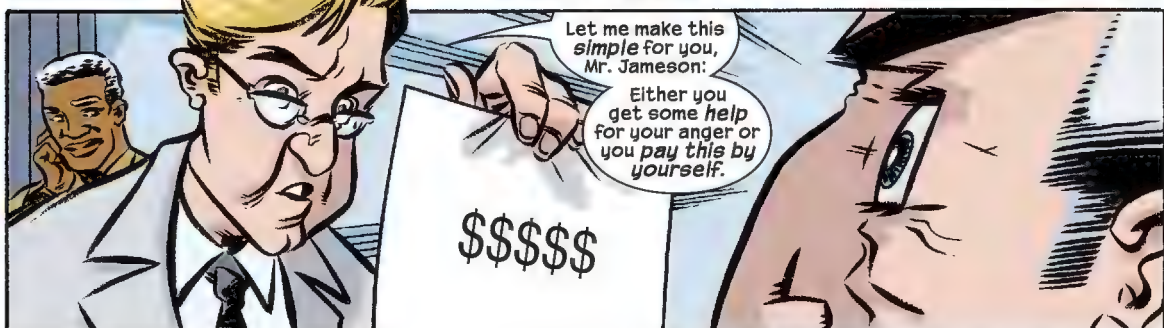
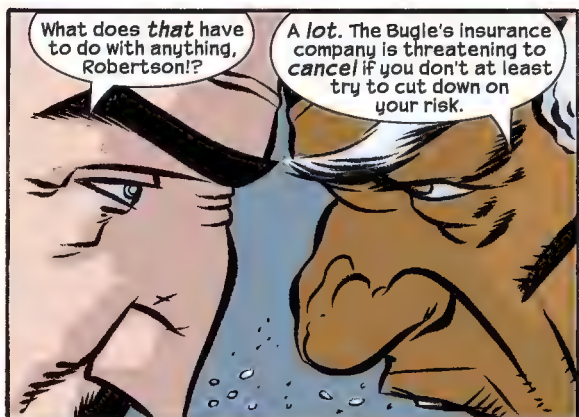


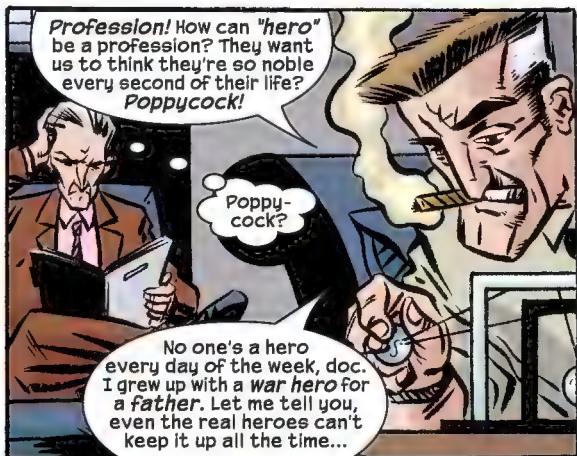
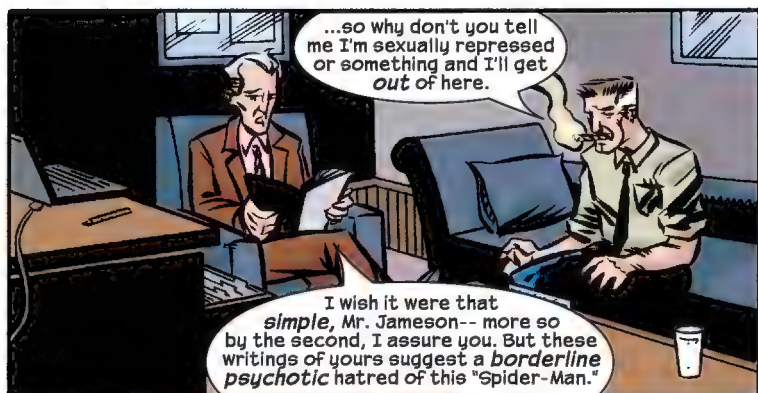
Wow, you
really are a
doctor.

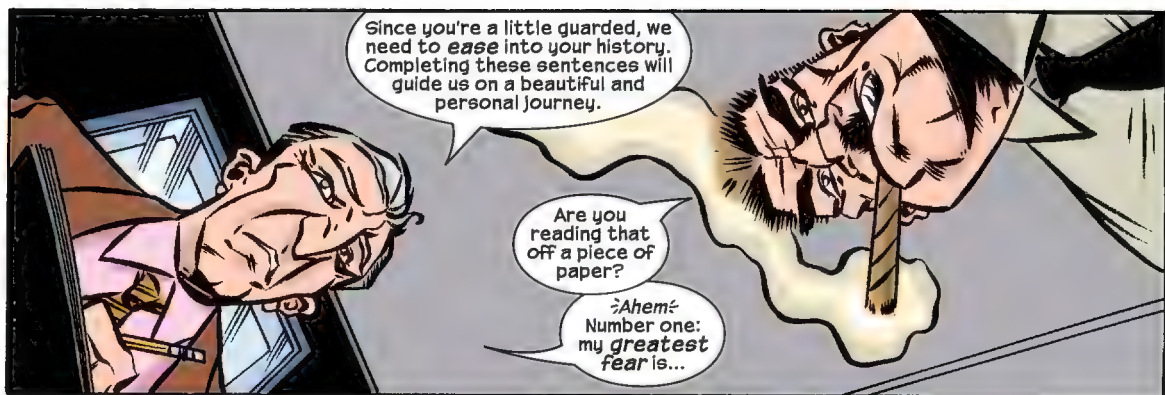
STAN LEE PRESENTS
SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB
FEATURING J. JONAH JAMESON IN...

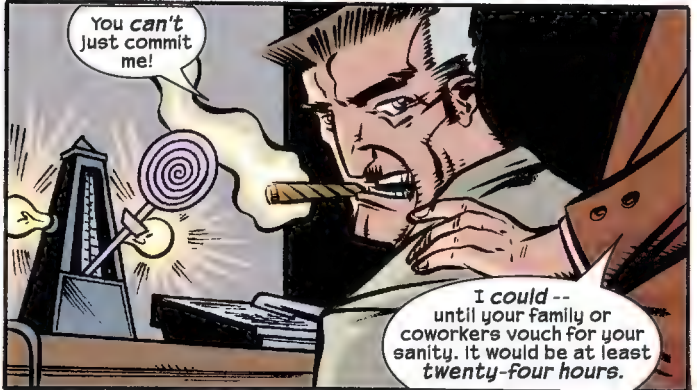
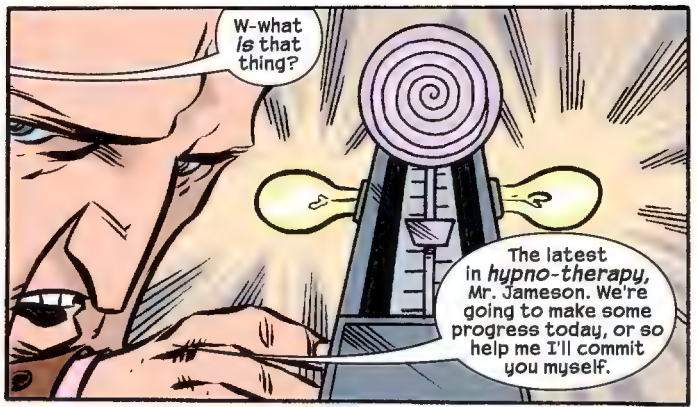
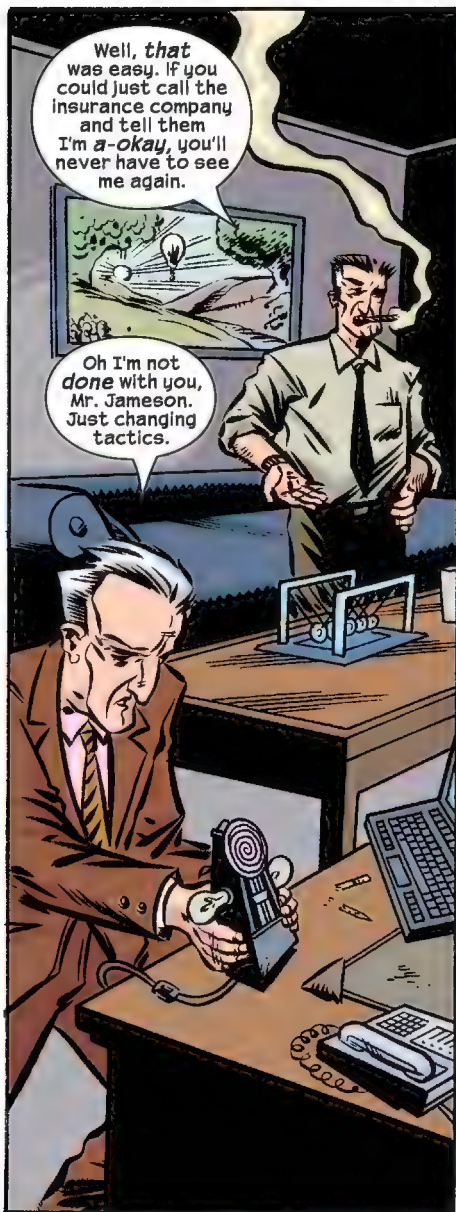
BEHIND THE MUSTACHE

ZEB WELLS WRITER
DEAN HASPIEL ARTIST
STEVE BUCCELLATO COLORIST
PAUL TUTRONE LETTERER
JOHN MIESEGAES ASST EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT

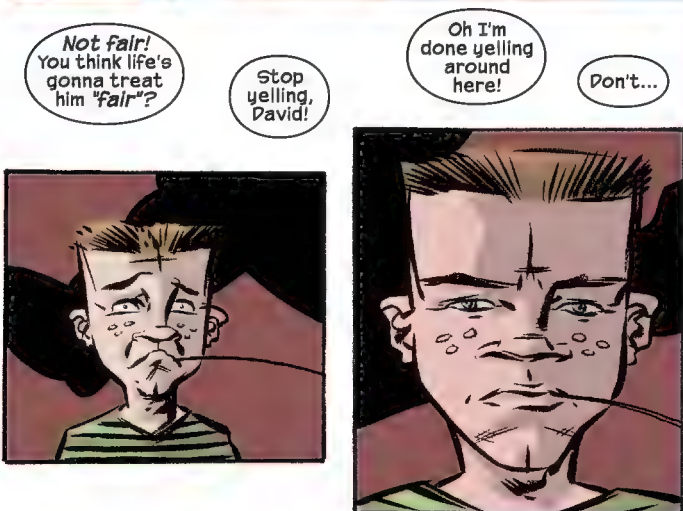


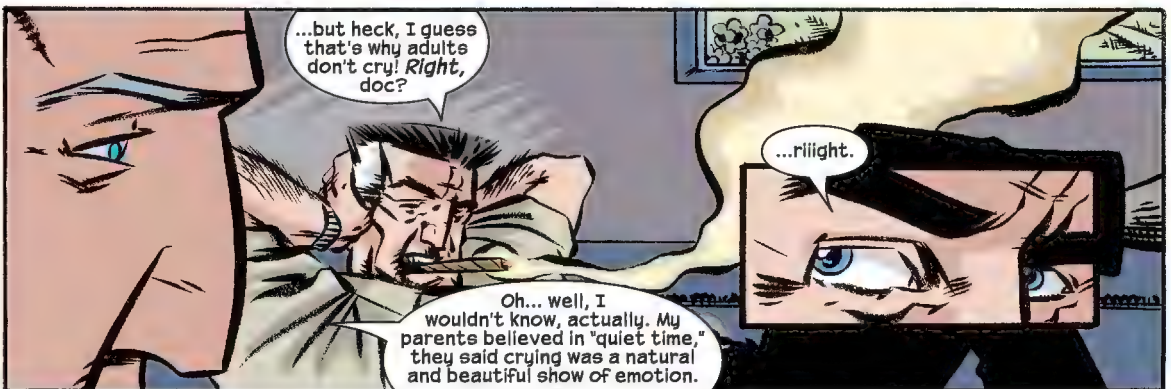
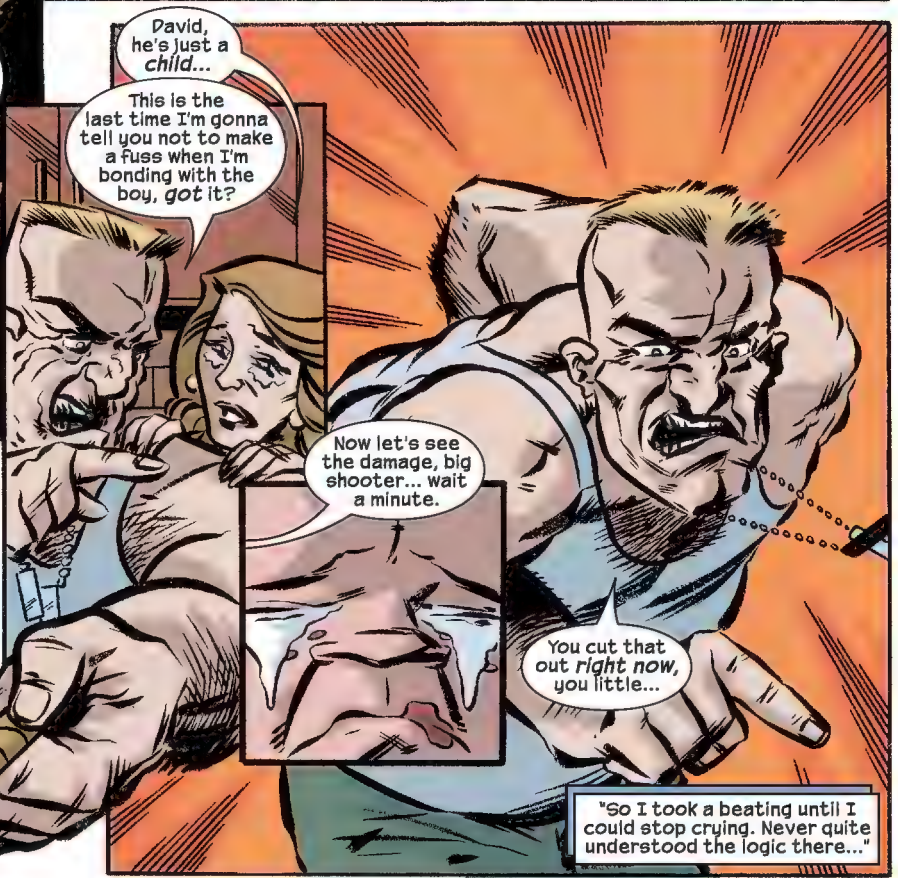


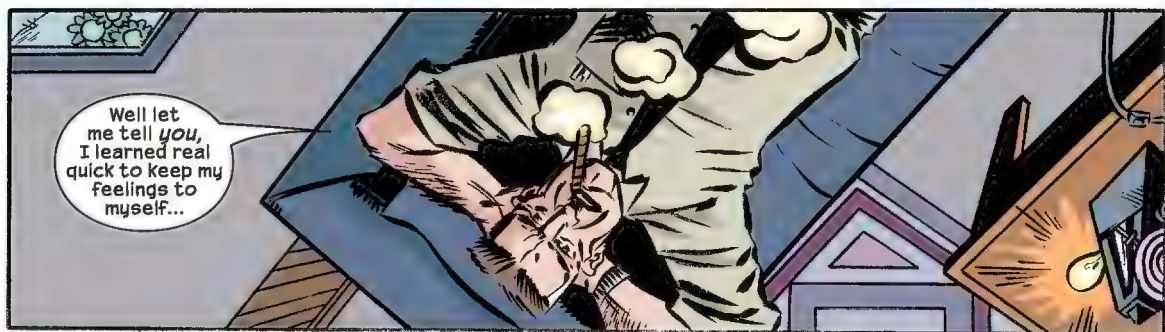












Well let me tell *you*, I learned real quick to keep my feelings to myself...



"...when I was around the *old man*, at least."

C'mon, Jameson, figure it out! What would your daddy say if he saw this sad fire of yours?

Oh... uh... wow. Maybe we should get some water on that thing. What'd you use for fuel there?

Is that *my* backpack?



Fake 'im, Jameson! You're not getting one jab through! You better change *something* 'cause this ain't workin'! And I thought you were *Dave Jameson's boy*!

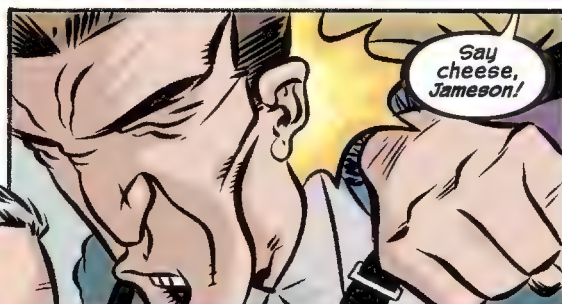


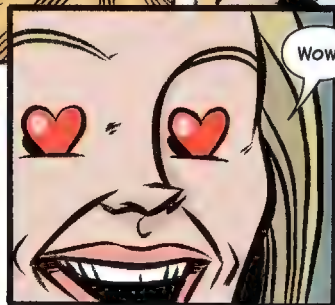
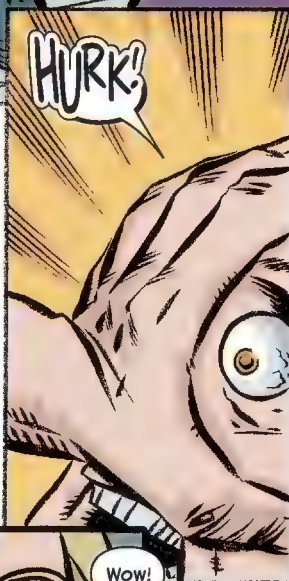
"Mr. Jameson..."

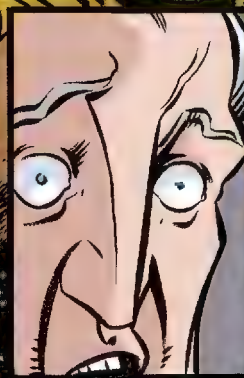
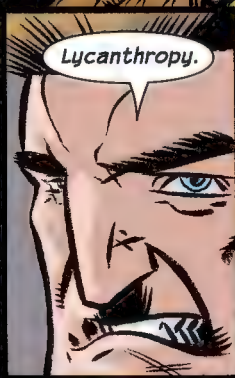
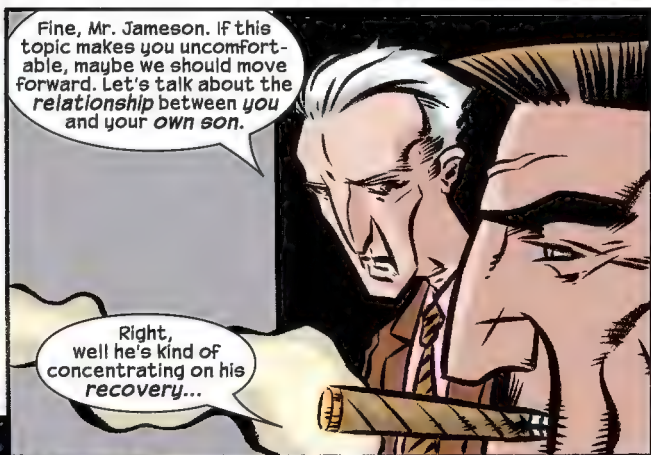
Oooh! Watch it -- mmmm -- you accidentally got me there, Jonah. Pretty good, too! Damn. Try to be more careful.

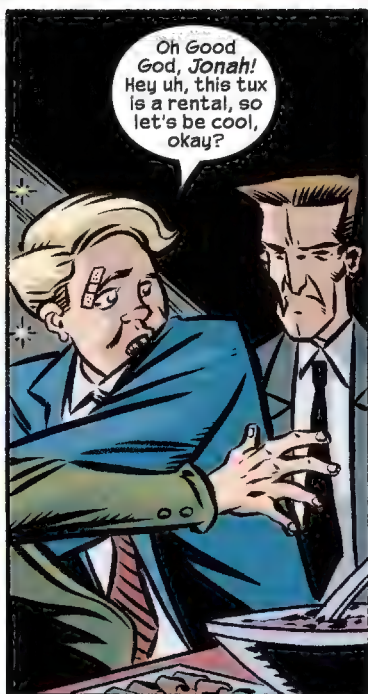
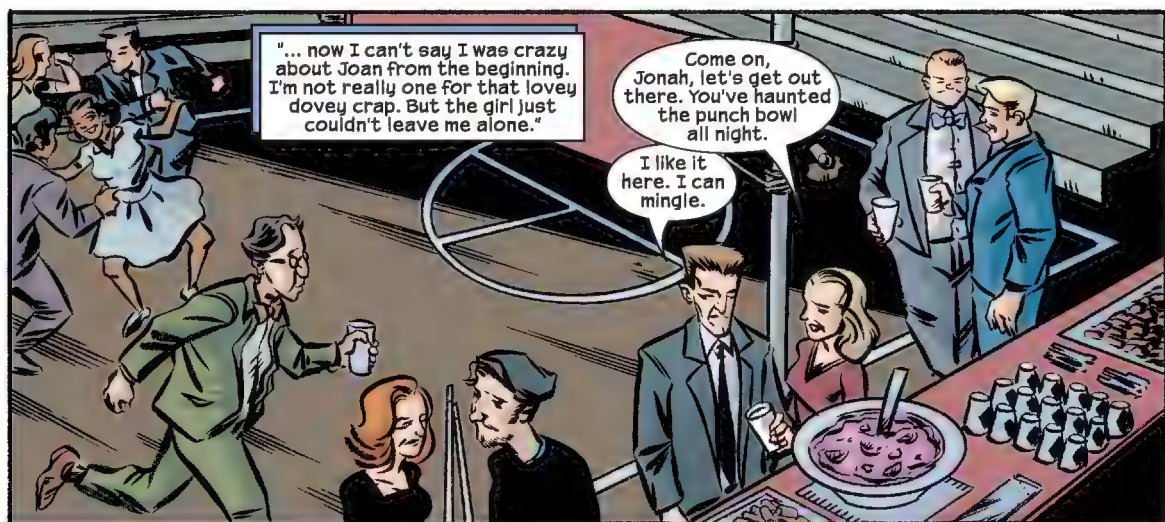
Are you okay, Mr. Bimsby?

"Mr. Jameson?"











Thank goodness that dance floor was flame-retardant, Jonah. You were a fire hazard out there!

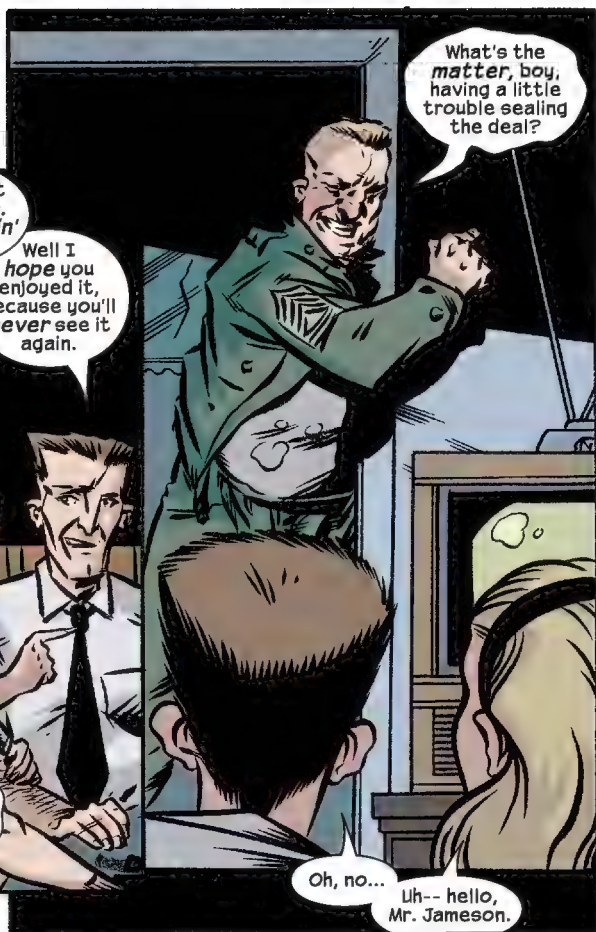
I told you I don't dance.



That's not what it looked like to me. You were my dancin' hero out there.

Well I hope you enjoyed it, because you'll never see it again.

Whad the hell'z goin' on in here!?!?



What's the matter, boy, having a little trouble sealing the deal?

Oh, no...

Uh-- hello, Mr. Jameson.



Son, in my day if you made it past the parking lot on prom night, you weren't fit to call yourself a man!

Hell, don't tell your mother this, but in the war...



...huh



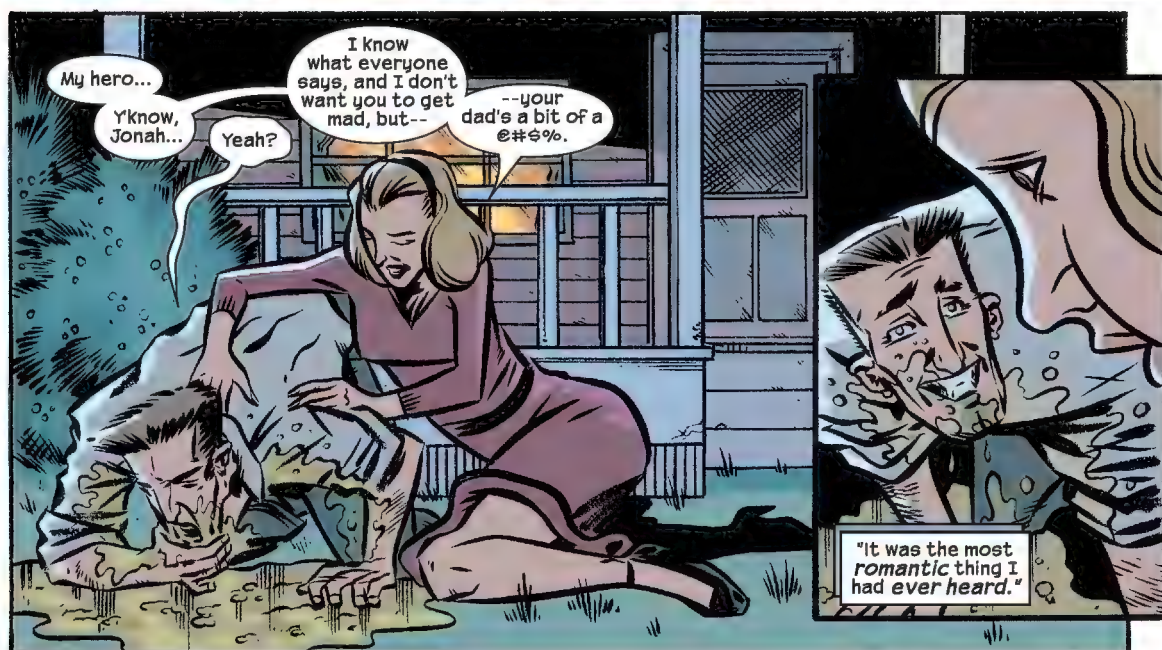
Maybe you should go back to bed...

...David.



Look at the tough guy!

Well, tough guy, where I come from, you take a man's cigar you damn well better smoke it.





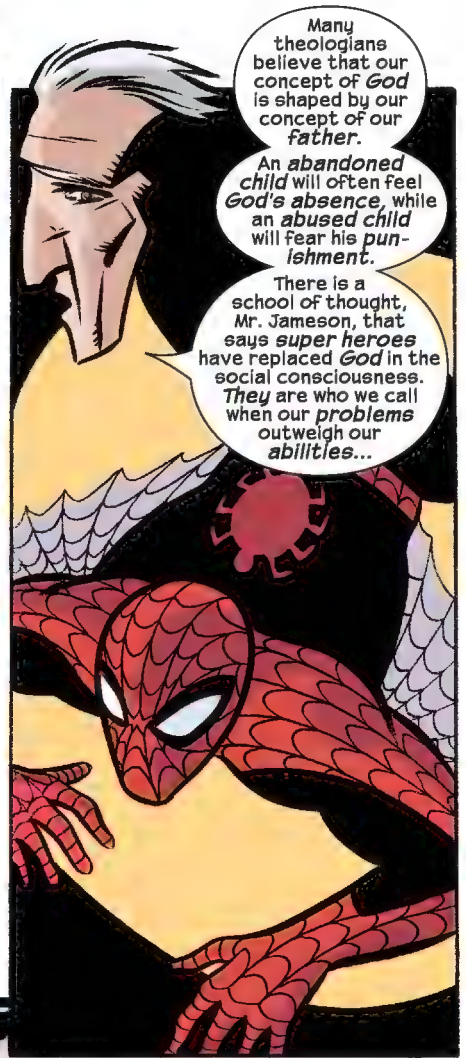
I married that girl just as soon as I could, doc. She was a keeper.

Interesting...

Your father, either by presence or influence, seems to inform almost all of your memories...

I think this may apply to our current situation, Mr. Jameson, your hatred of this "Spider-Man." Have you ever heard of God/father transference?

Have you ever heard of "vocabulary overcompensation"?



Many theologians believe that our concept of God is shaped by our concept of our father.

An abandoned child will often feel God's absence, while an abused child will fear his punishment.

There is a school of thought, Mr. Jameson, that says super heroes have replaced God in the social consciousness. They are who we call when our problems outweigh our abilities...



"...how did you feel when men appeared that not only claimed to be heroes, but covered their faces?"

"Did you see your father, Mr. Jameson? Did you convince yourself that these men had something to hide? That they had loved ones they hurt when no one was looking?"



"You had to know, didn't you, Mr. Jameson? You had to know what horrible secret these men were hiding."

When did you stop believing in heroes, Mr. Jameson? After all, aren't you a hero to your wife, Joan?

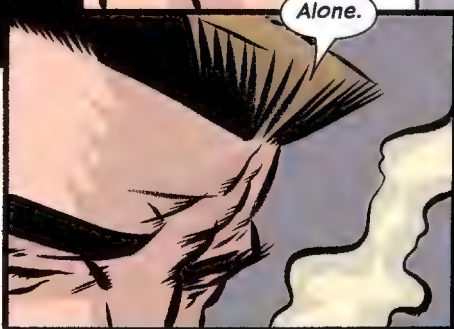


First wife.

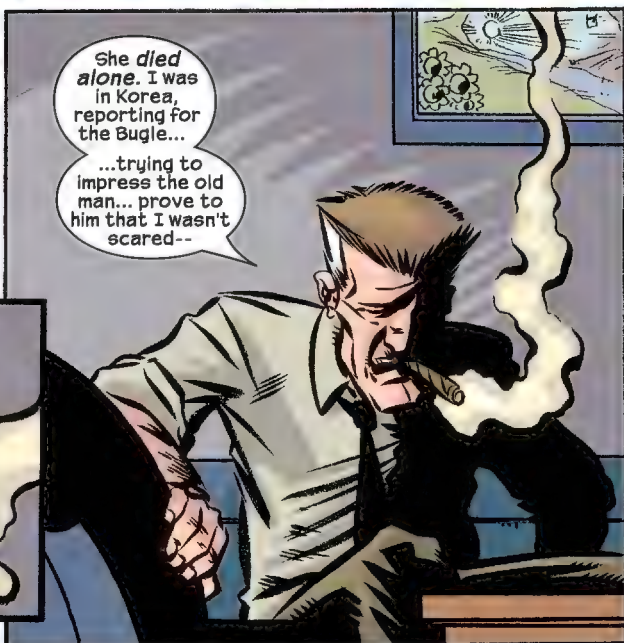
Oh. Yes, I'm sorry. It says here that your first wife is deceased. How did she die, exactly?



...
Mr. Jameson?



Alone.



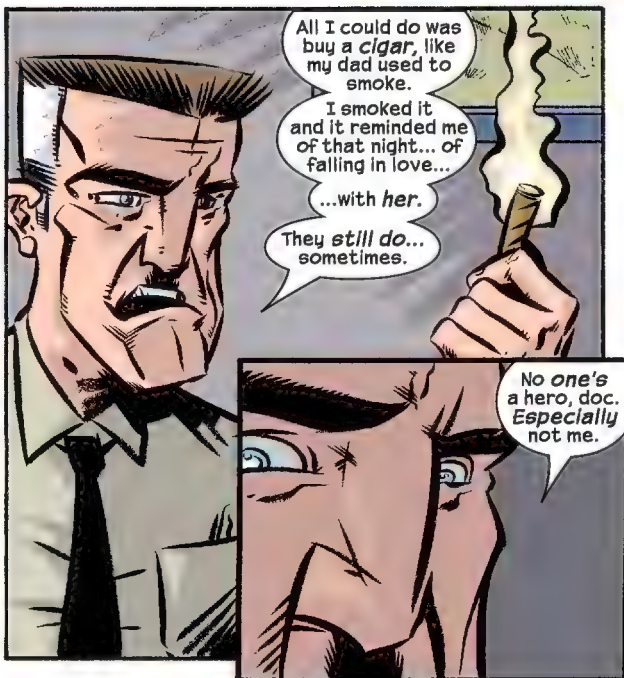
She died alone. I was in Korea, reporting for the Bugle...

...trying to impress the old man... prove to him that I wasn't scared--



--and I wasn't there and she died alone.

It was supposed to be a short trip, doc. I didn't even have her picture with me.



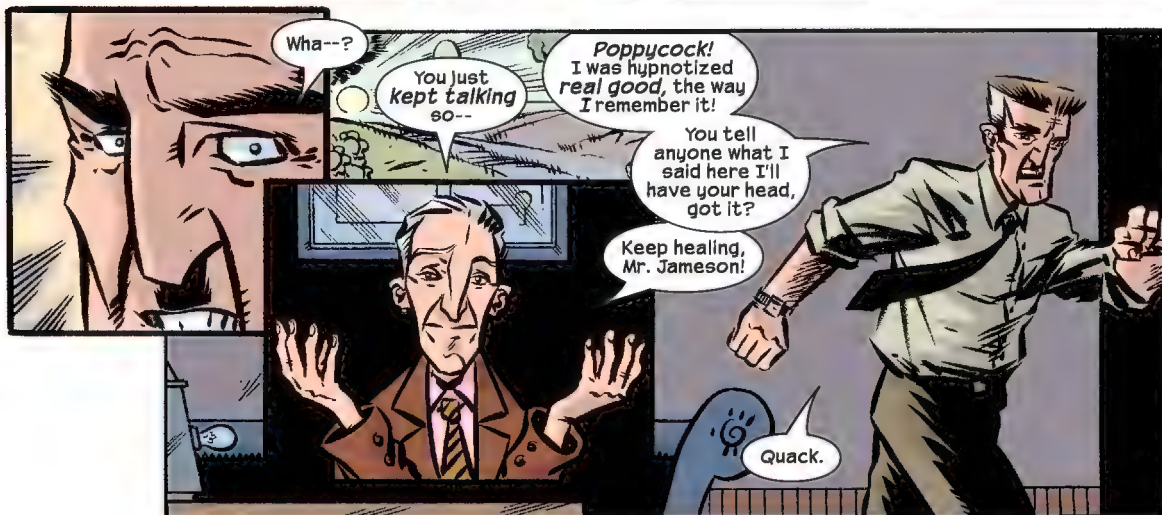
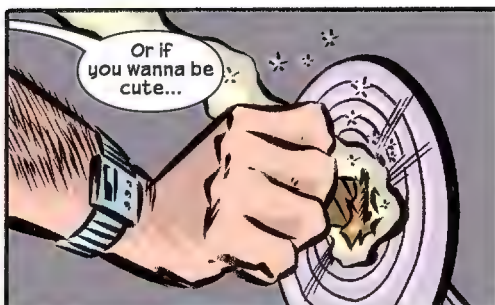
All I could do was buy a cigar, like my dad used to smoke.

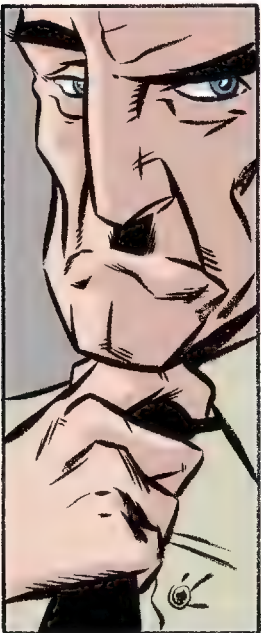
I smoked it and it reminded me of that night... of falling in love...

...with her.

They still do... sometimes.

No one's a hero, doc. Especially not me.





They say it was the worst Christmas storm the great city had ever seen. And it was during this storm that a captain of industry charged a young man with the task of purchasing a wondrous crystal unicorn for his beloved wife. The young man set out...



In truth, he was relieved to leave the party behind him. The comforts of the season had thus far eluded him. His wife was far away, and he missed her terribly.

It was about this time that a Schoolmistress named Miss Kieko realised that she, and the last train to Maplewood, were short several of her young charges.

Our young man happened across these orphans of the storm, and being a virtuous type, he knew what he must do.

So he scooped them up and took them to the party he had just left.

As for his shopping, the young man, decided it was time to call upon the services of a jolly figure trimmed in red...

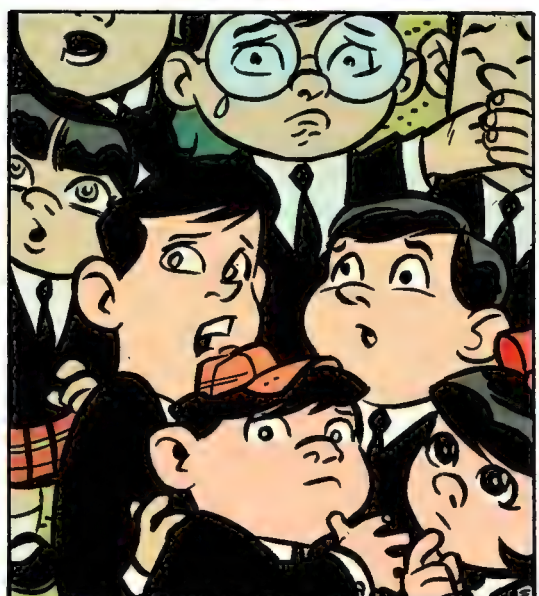
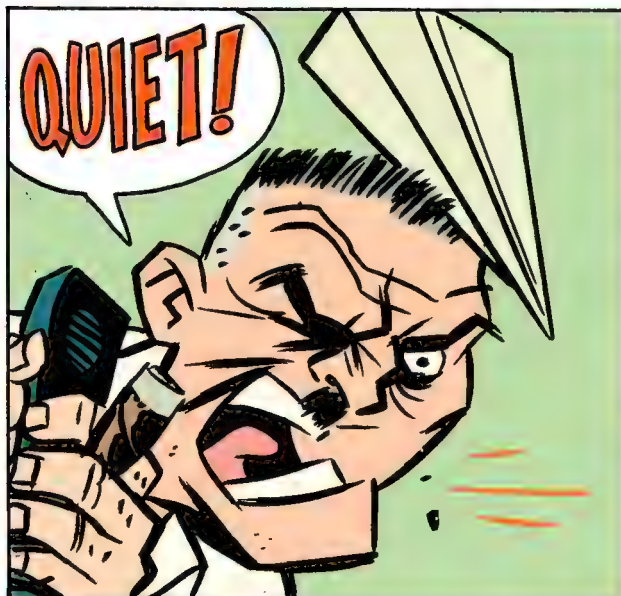
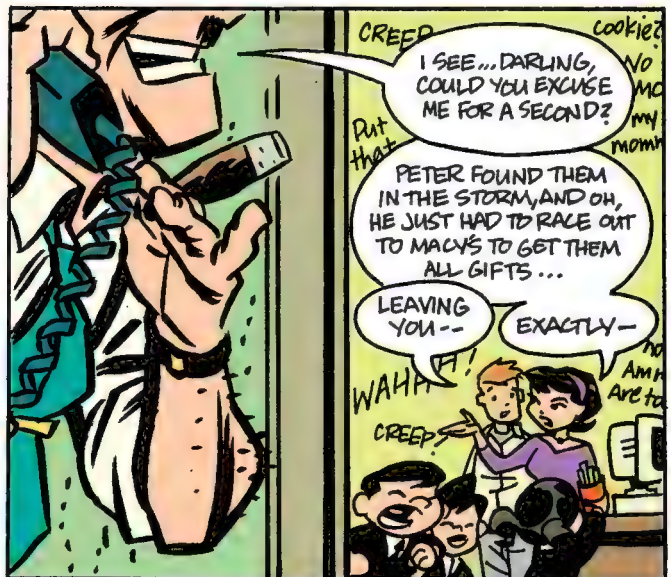
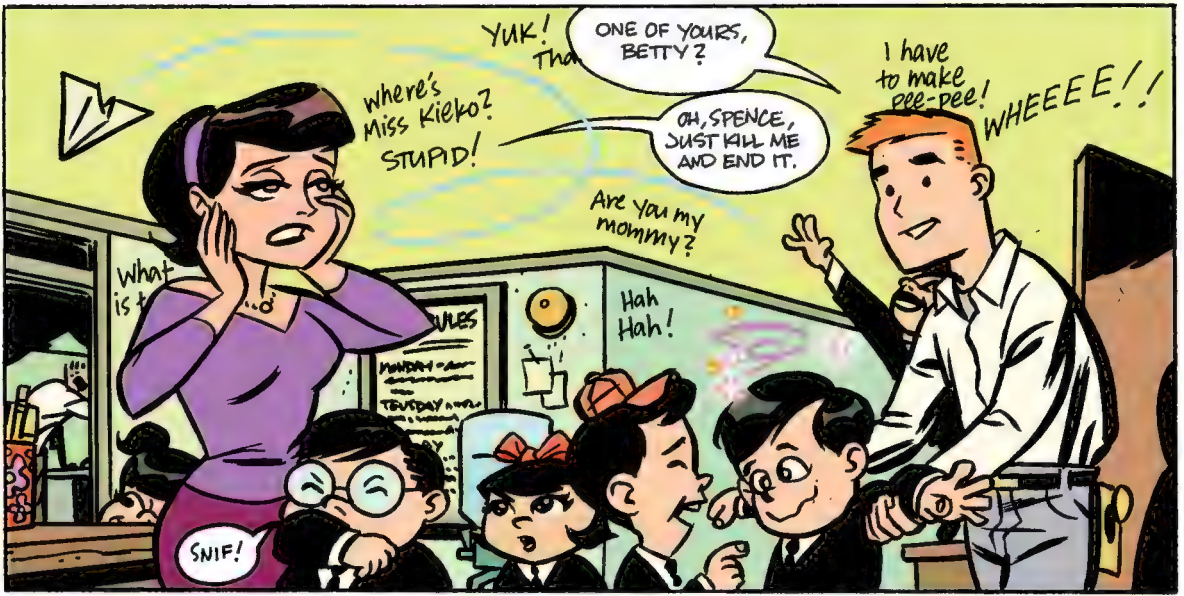
WELL, HO FRIGGIN' HO!
IT TOOK TWO MONTHS TO CONVINCE
MARY JANE TO COME HOME FOR THE
HOLIDAY AND HER PLANE IS FORCED
TO LAND IN PHILLY 'CAUSE OF
THIS DANG STORM!

AND I'M OUT
HERE, FREEZING
MY HUMBAG OFF.

'Twas the Fight before Xmas

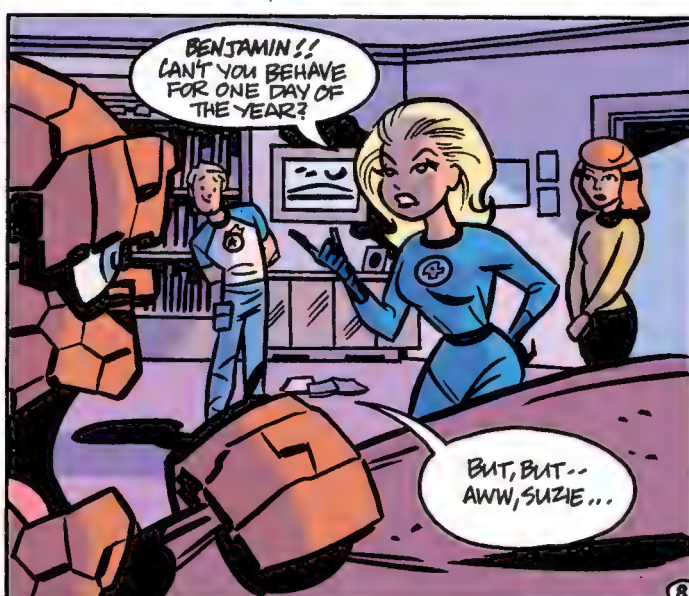
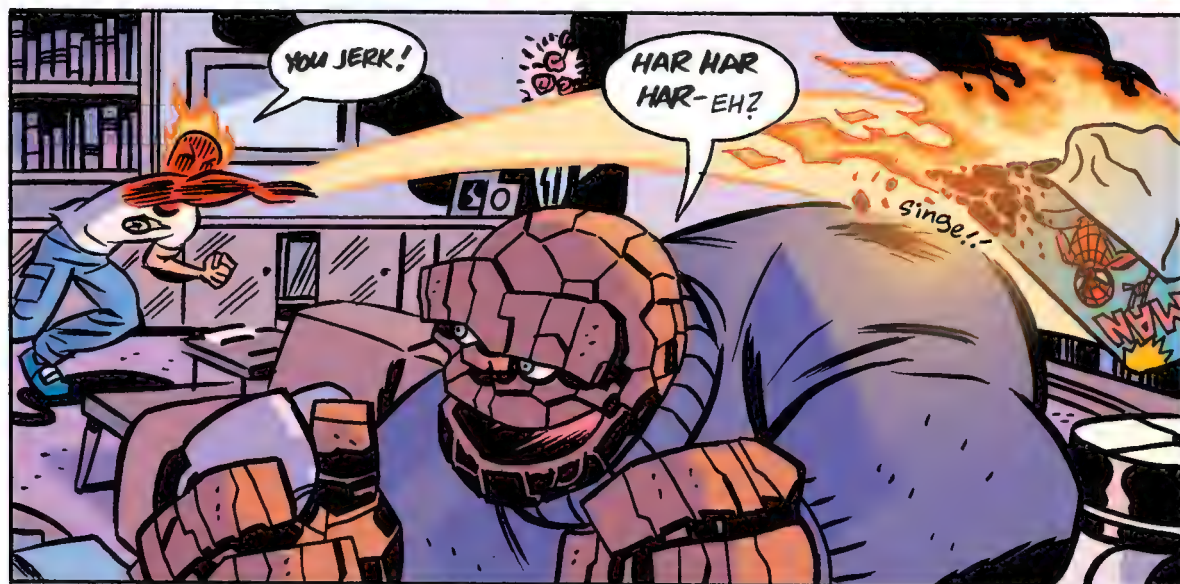
A HOLIDAY HOOT BY
DARWYN and JAY
COOKE and BONE
COLOR STYLING BY
MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
AXEL ALONSO - EDITOR
JOHN MIESEGAES - ASST. ED.
JOE Q. - CHIEF BILL J. - PRES

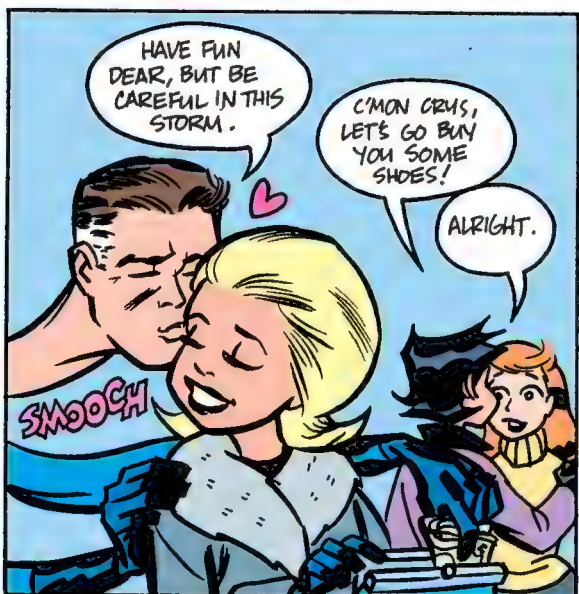
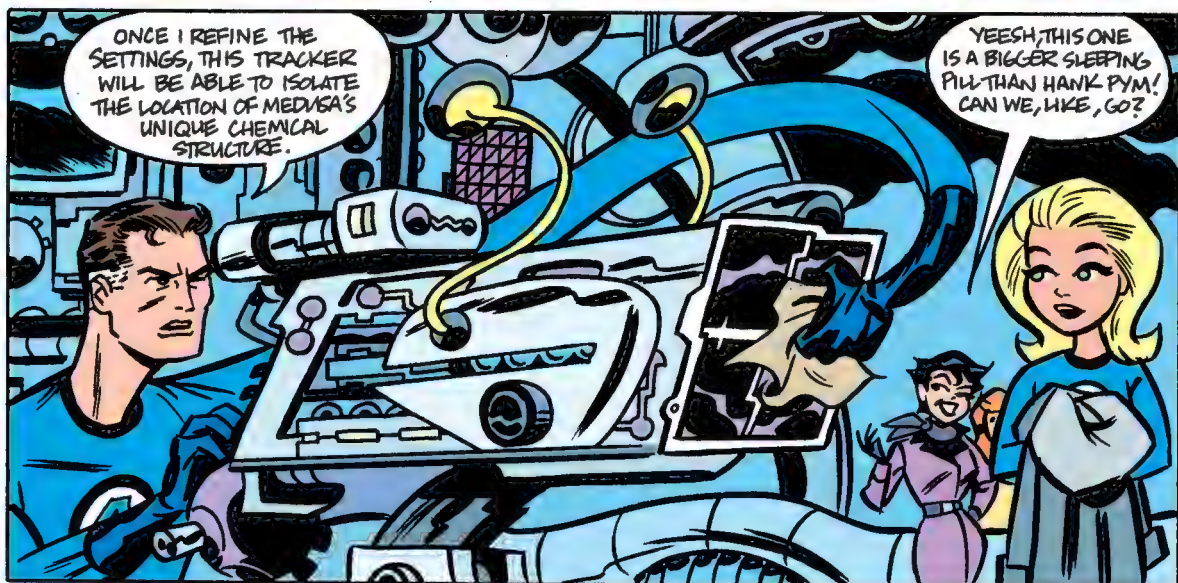
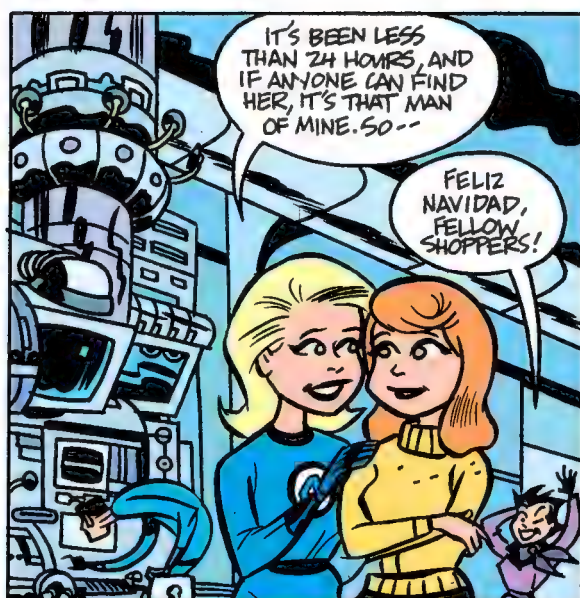


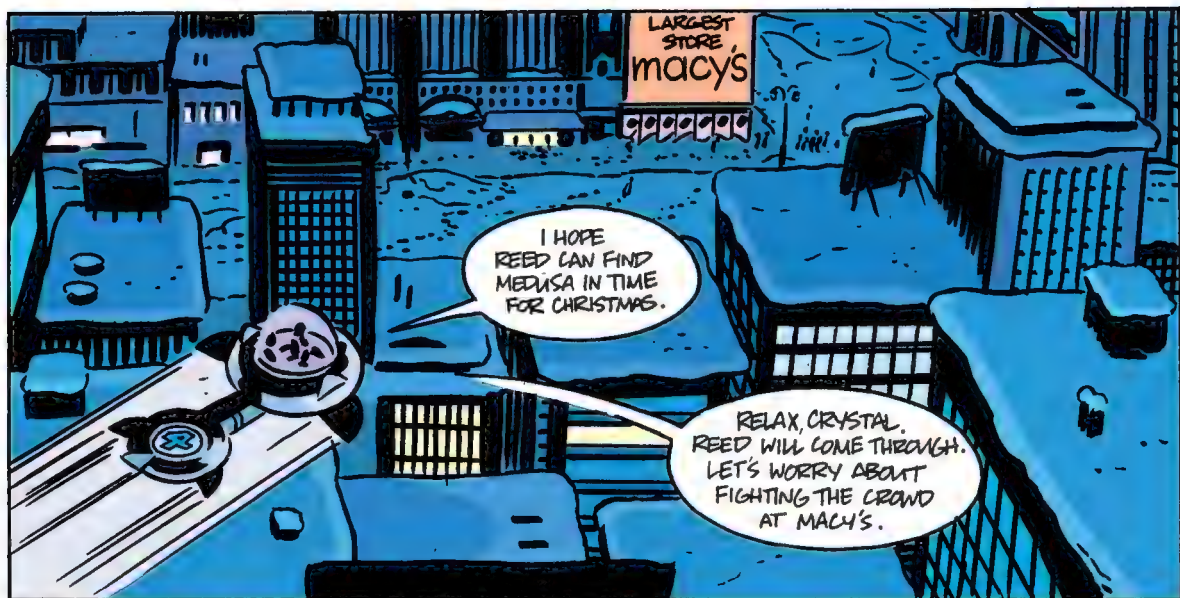


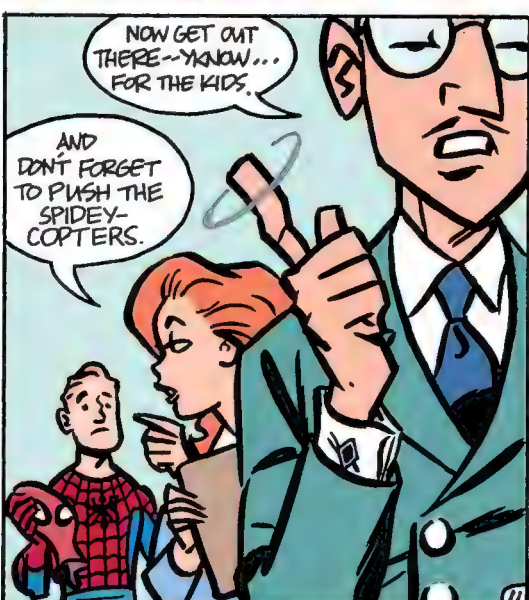


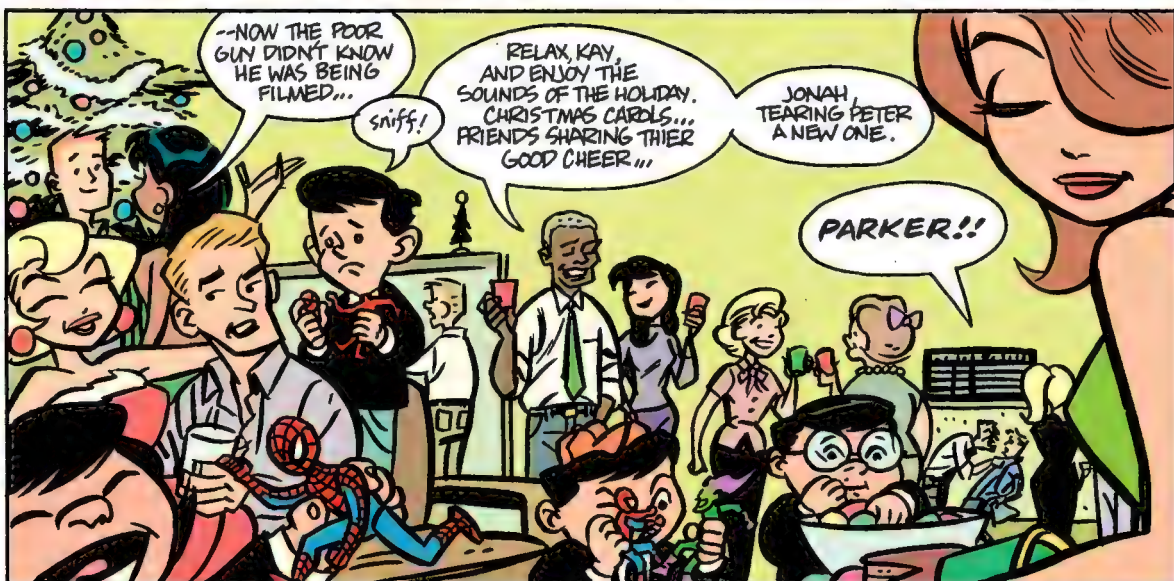


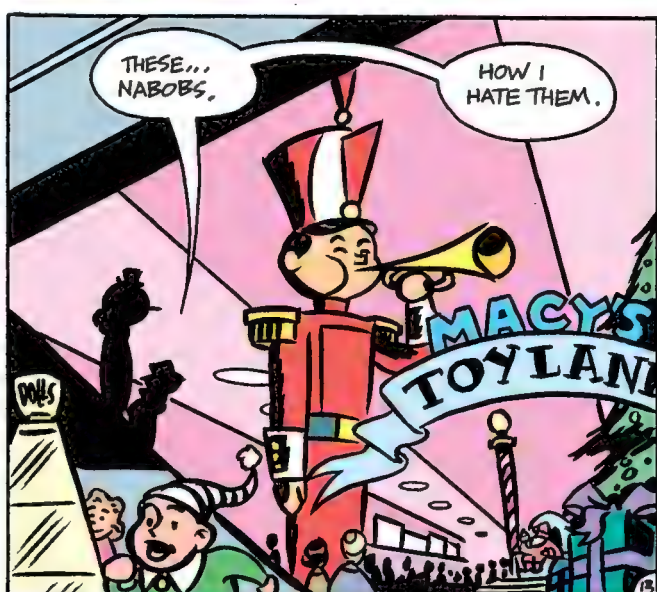
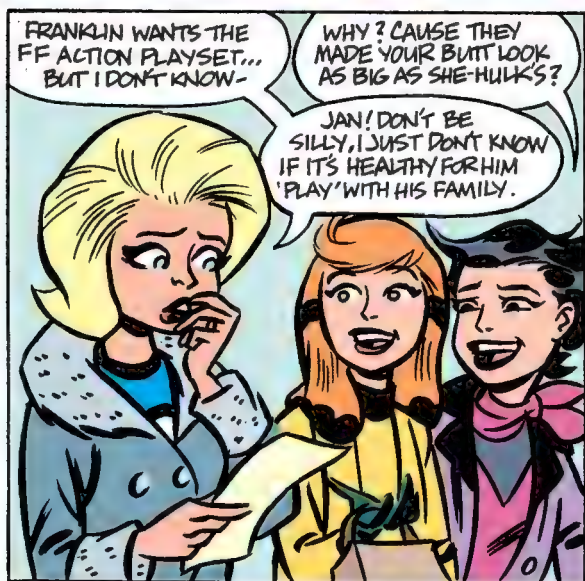


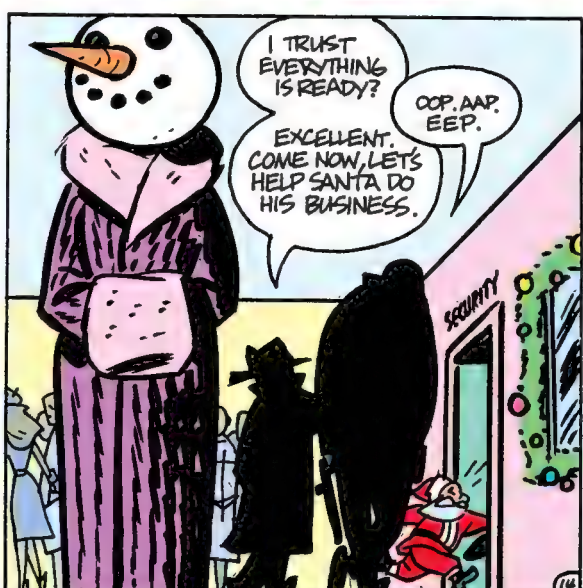




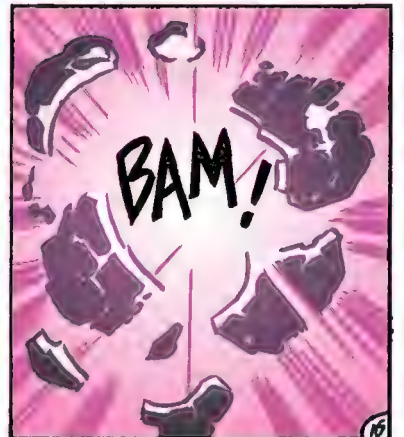
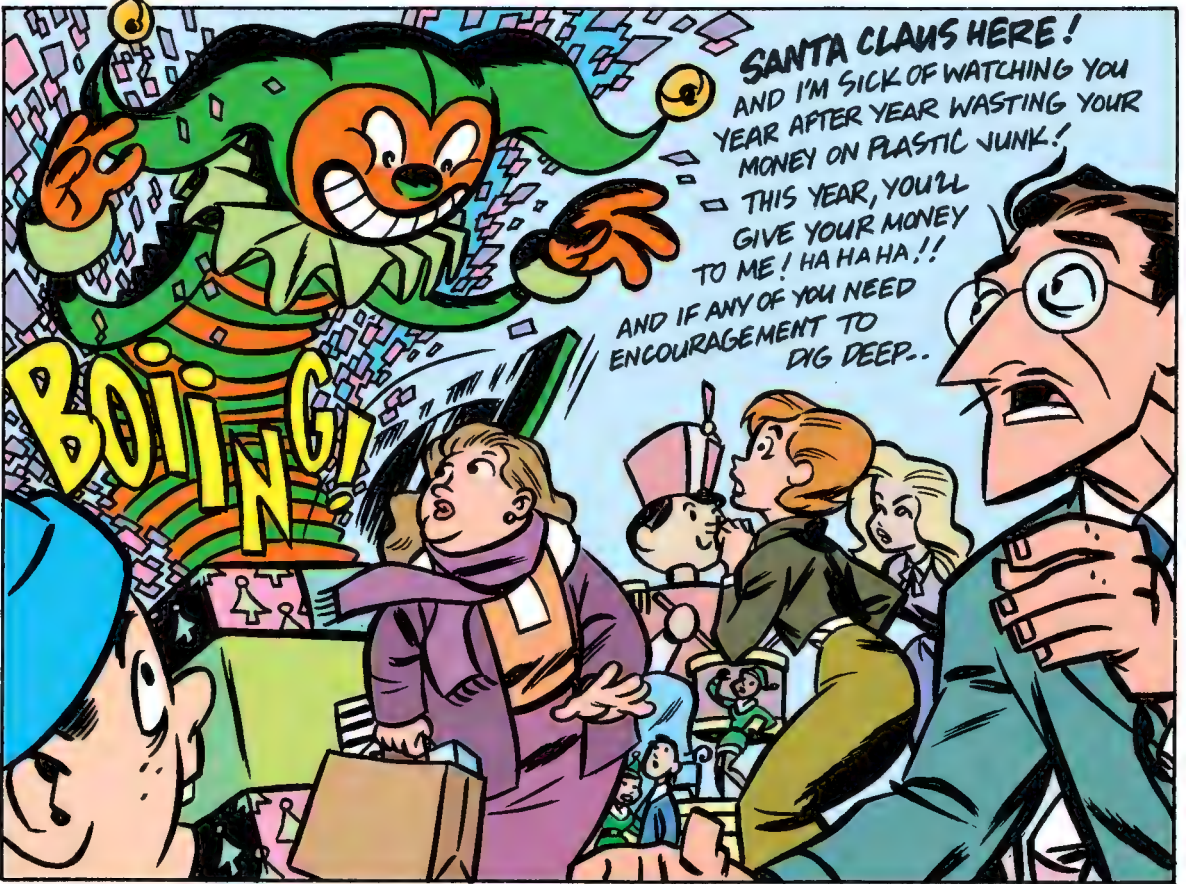




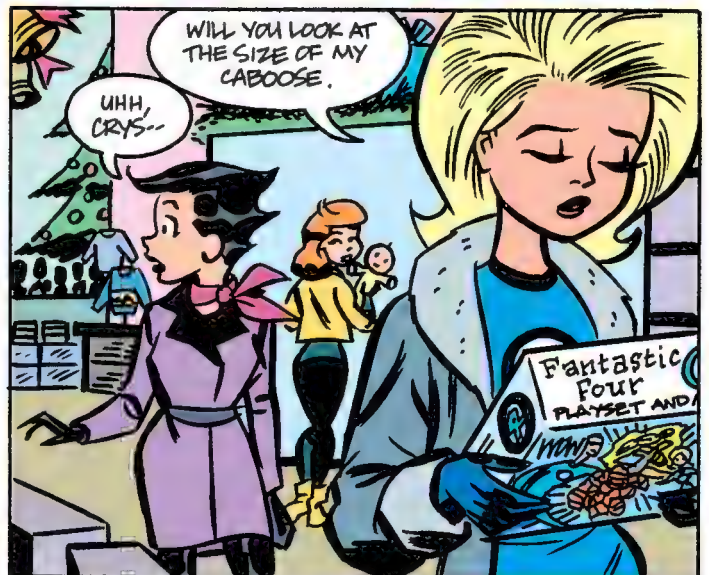
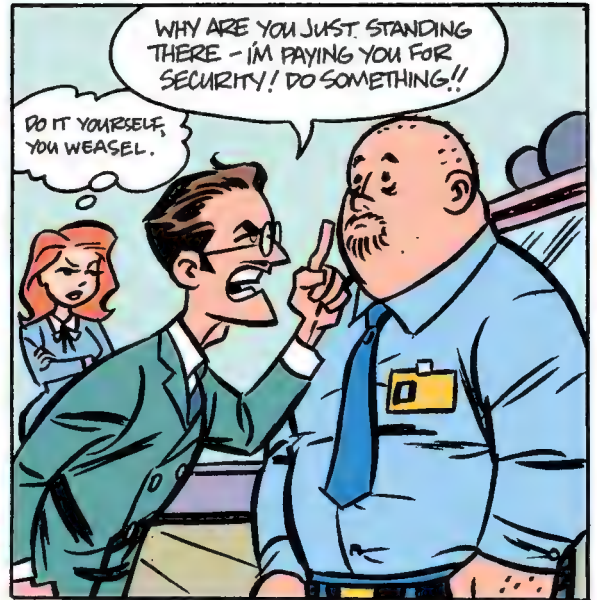


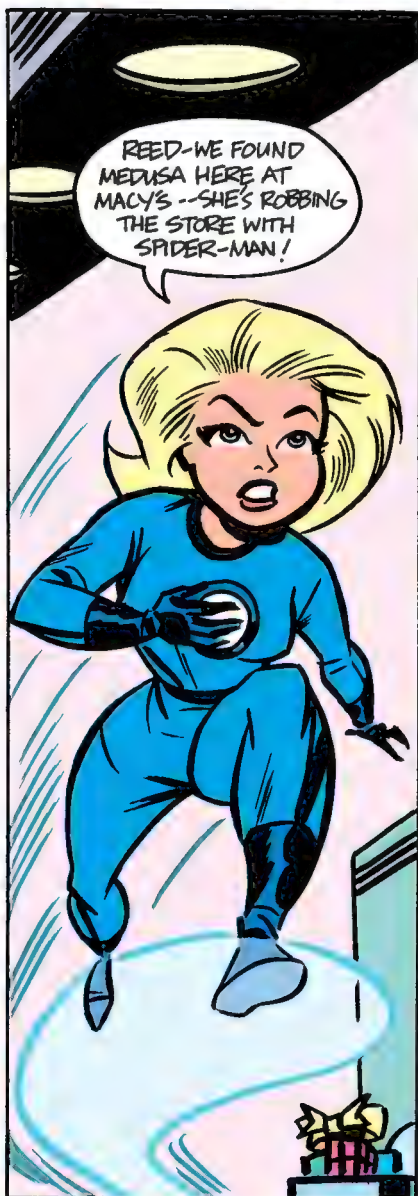
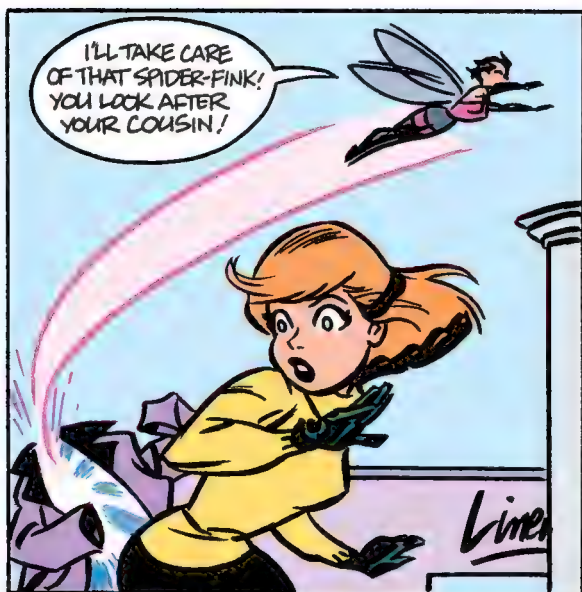


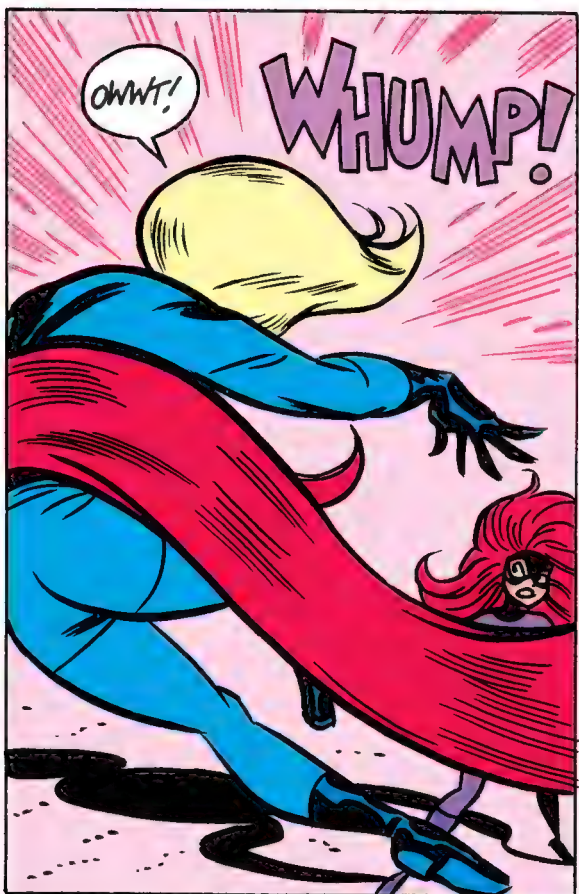
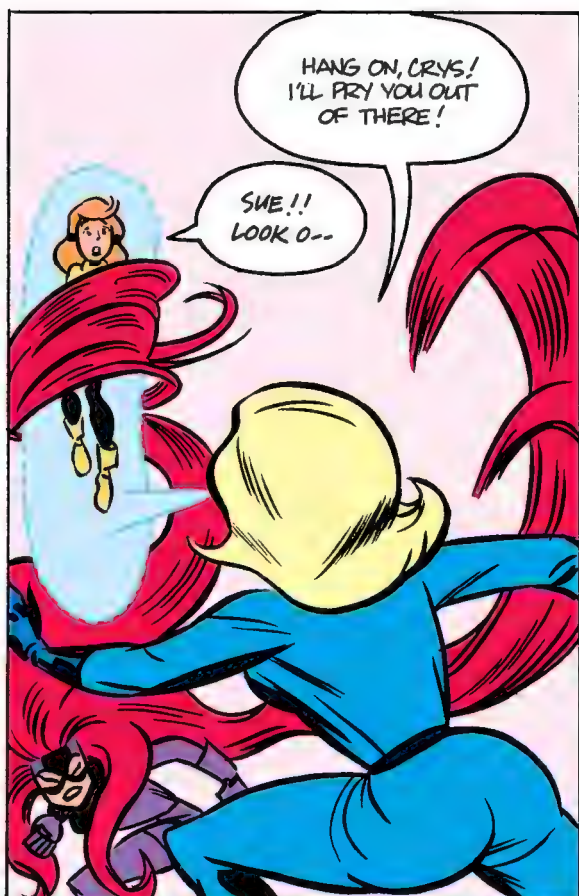






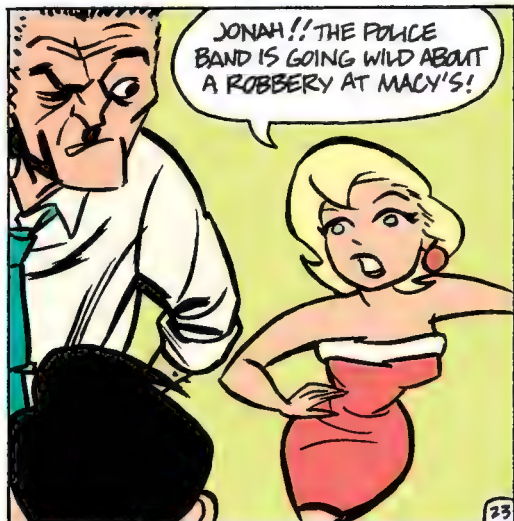
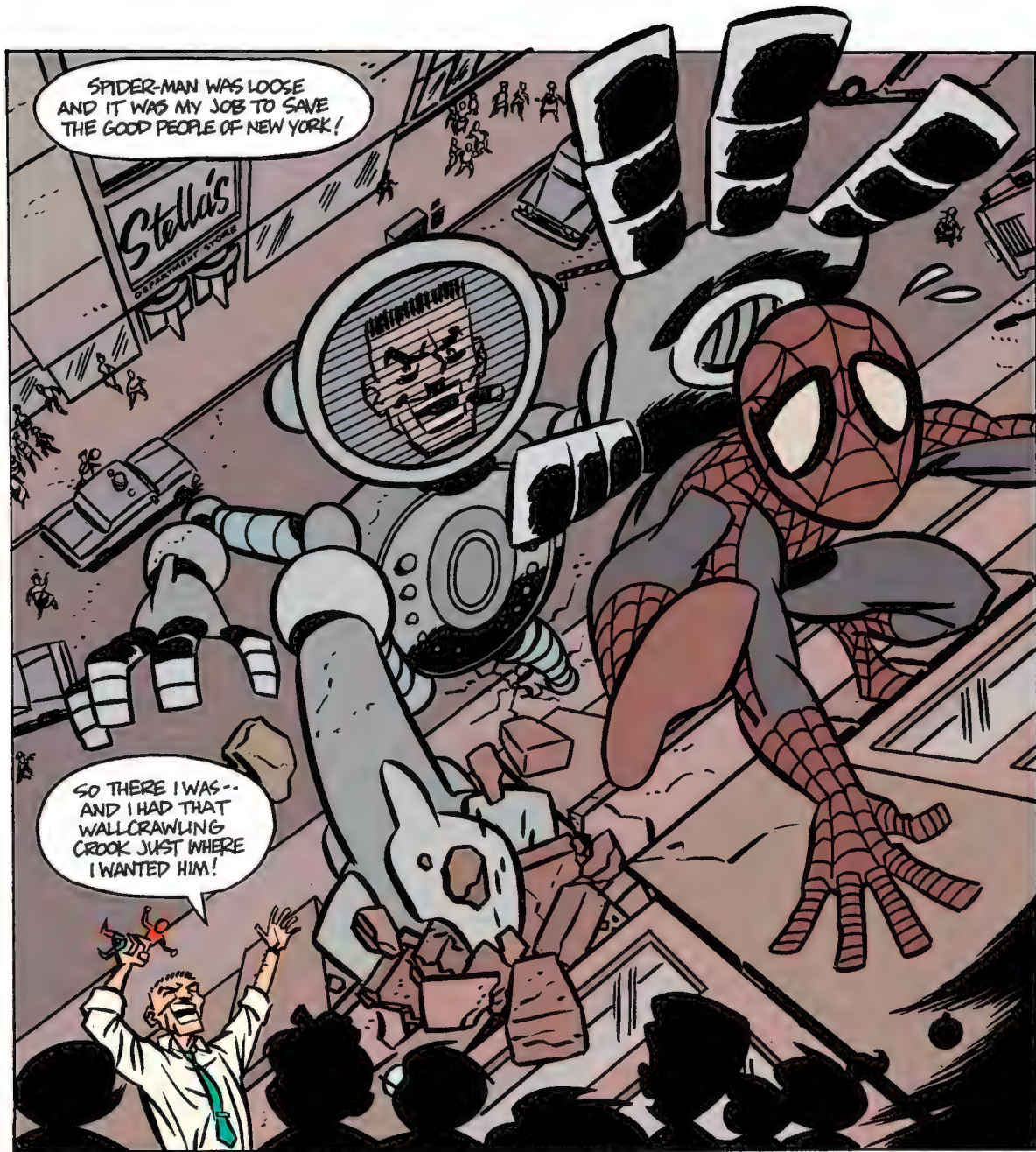


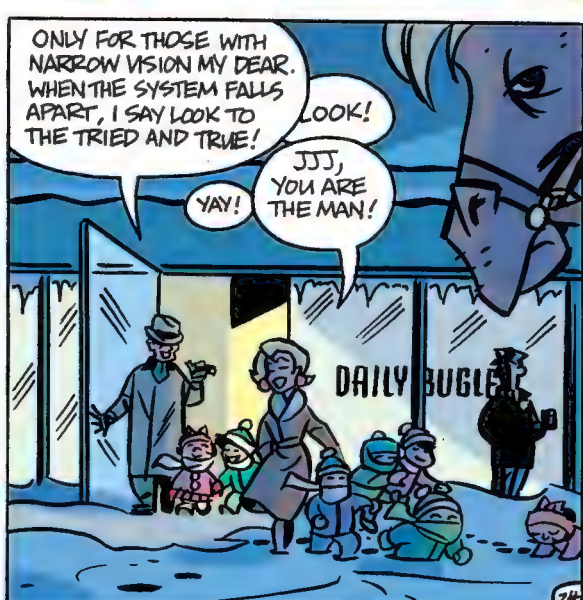
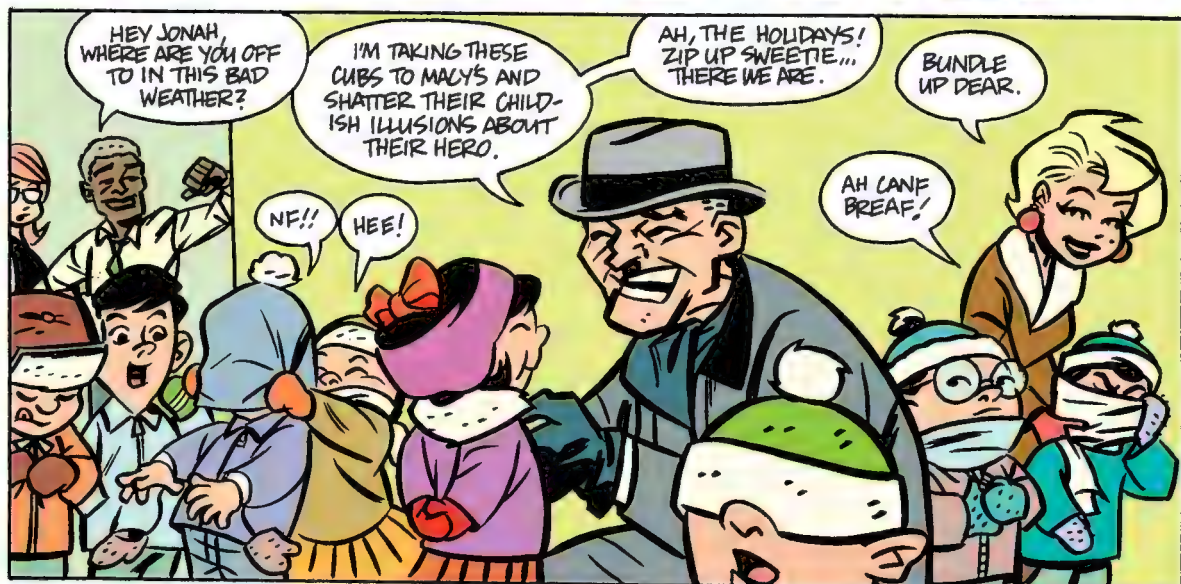


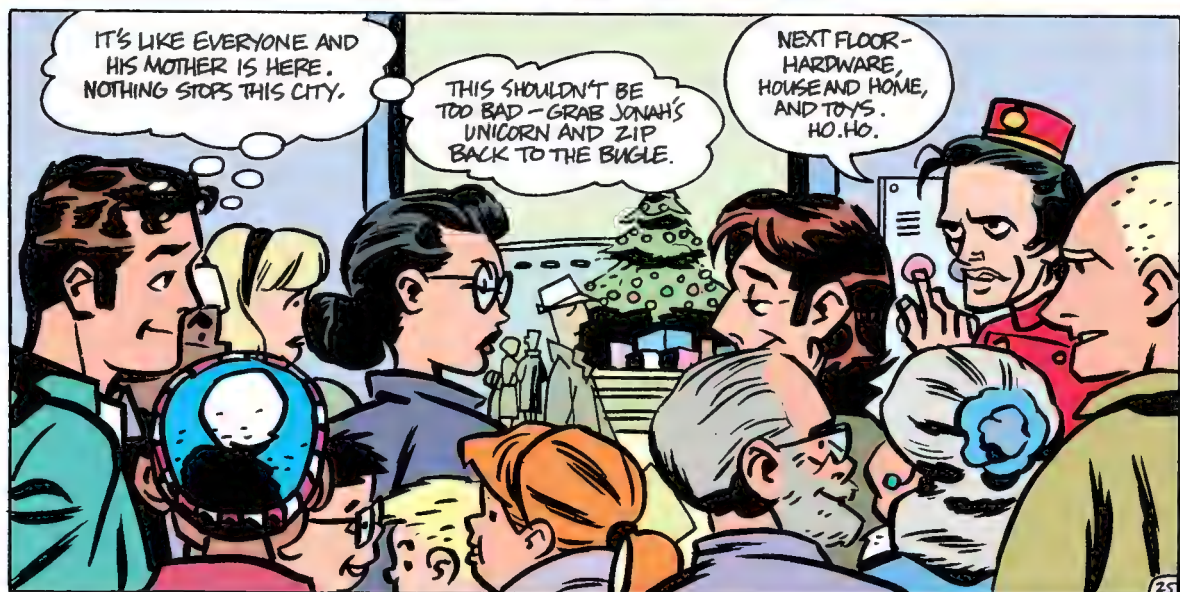


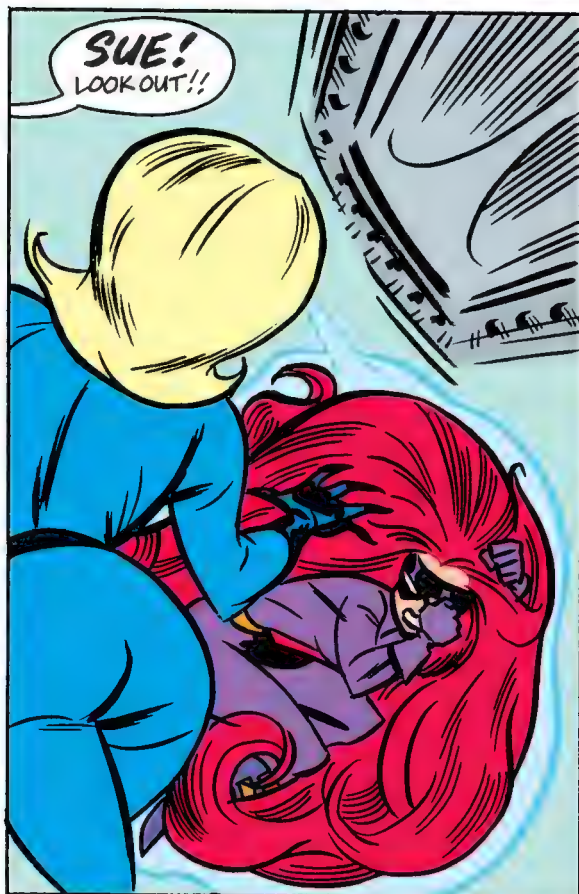
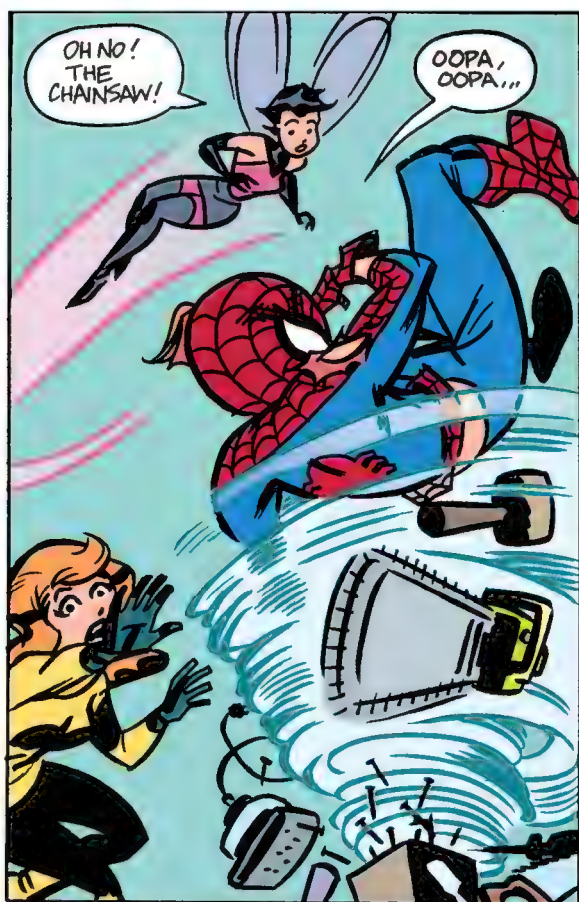
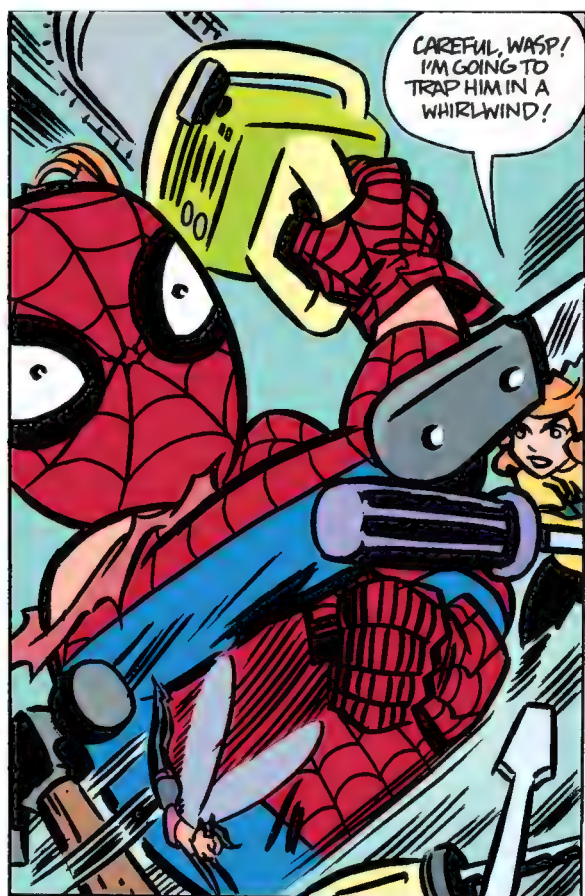


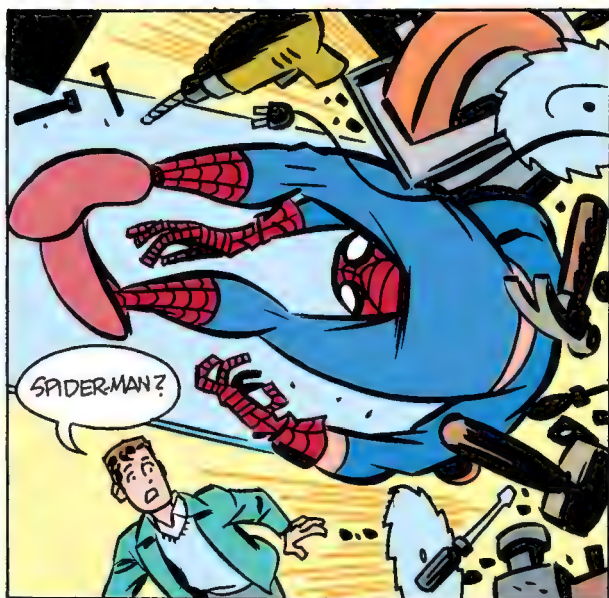
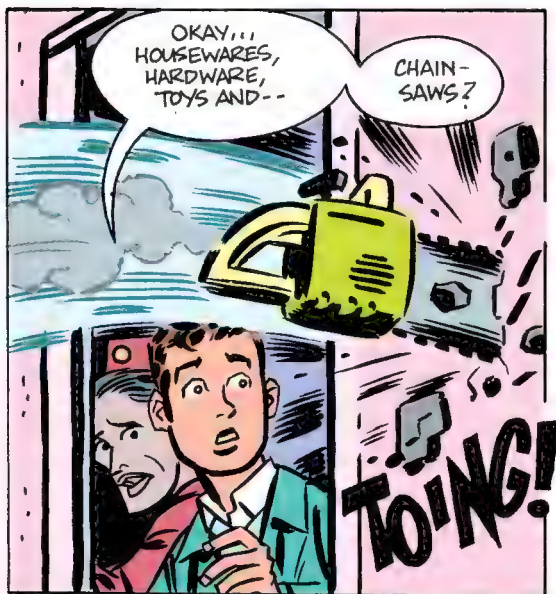


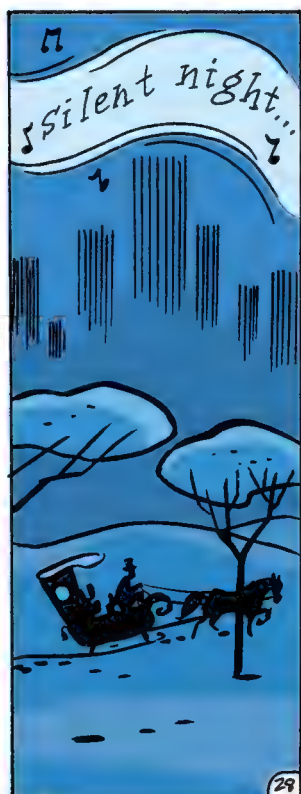


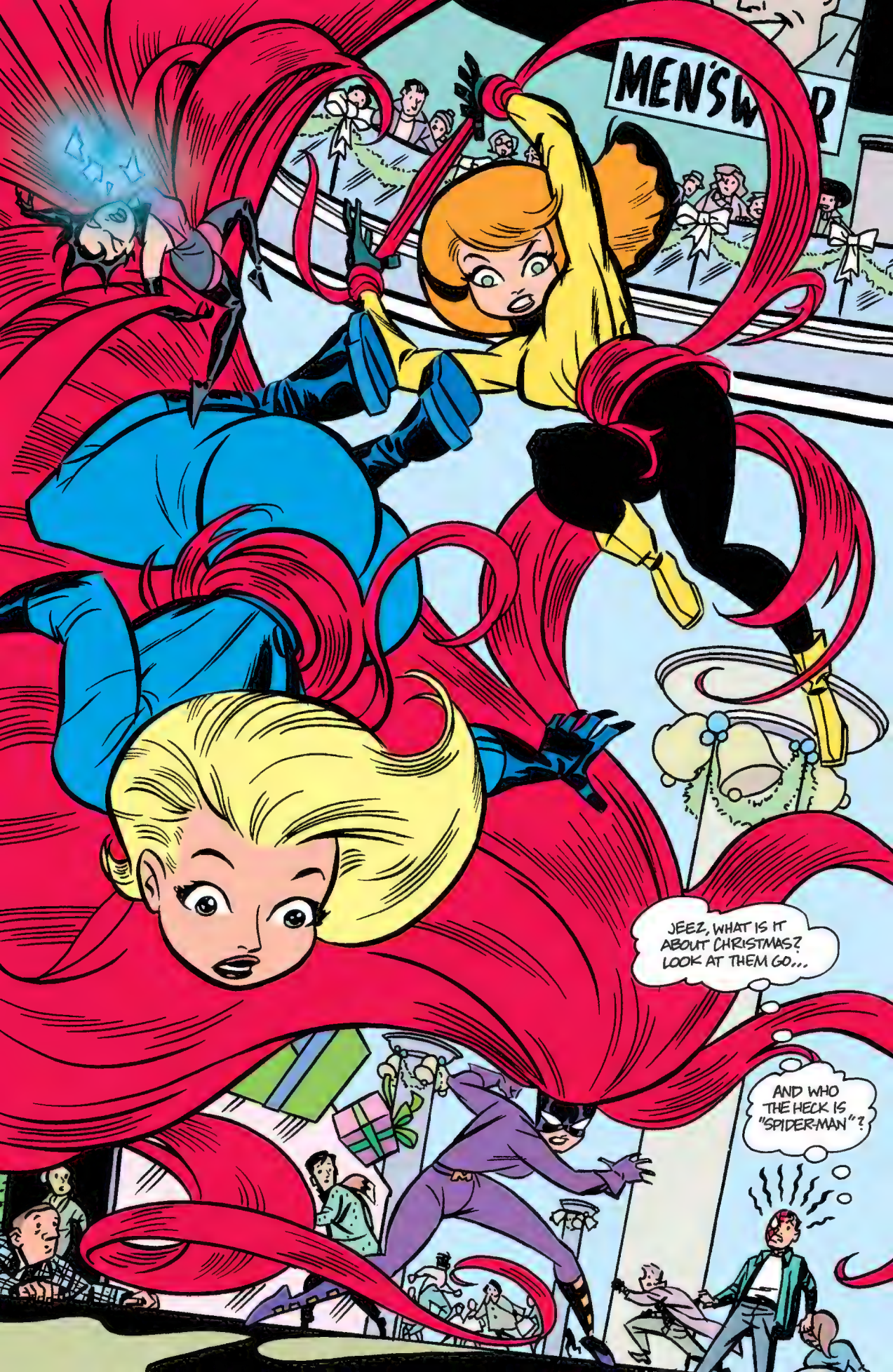








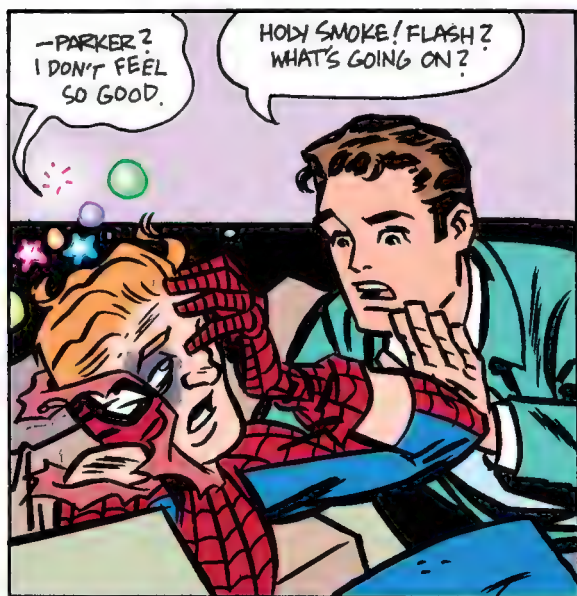


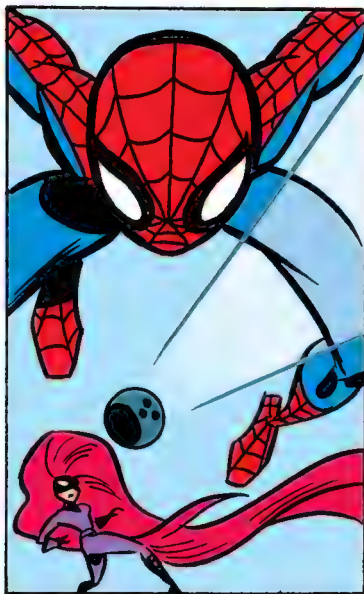
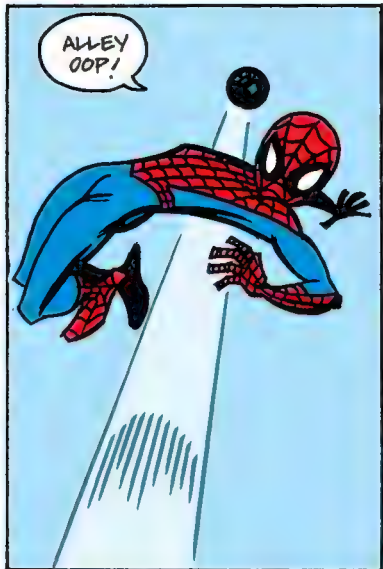
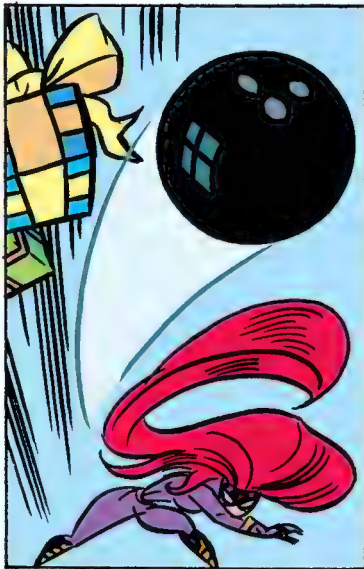
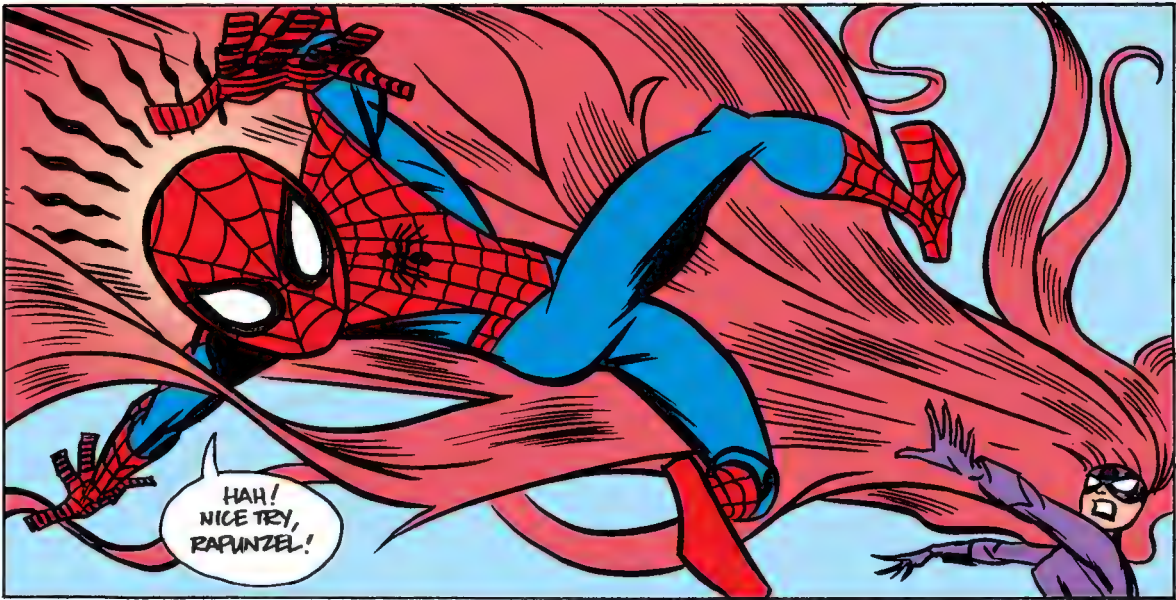


MEN'S

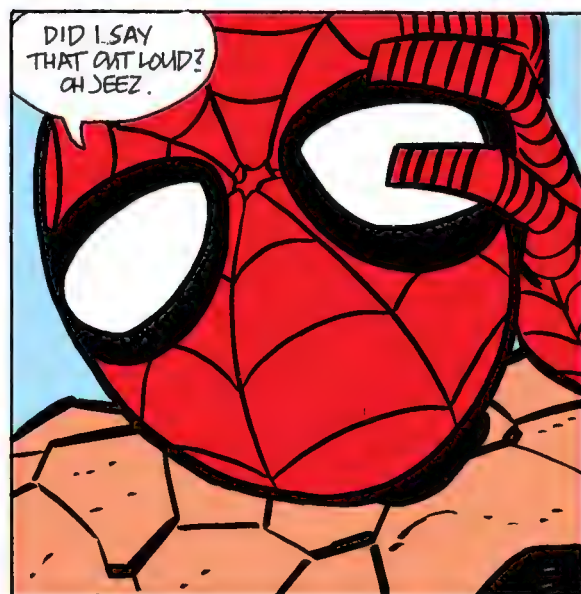
JEEZ, WHAT IS IT ABOUT CHRISTMAS?
LOOK AT THEM GO...

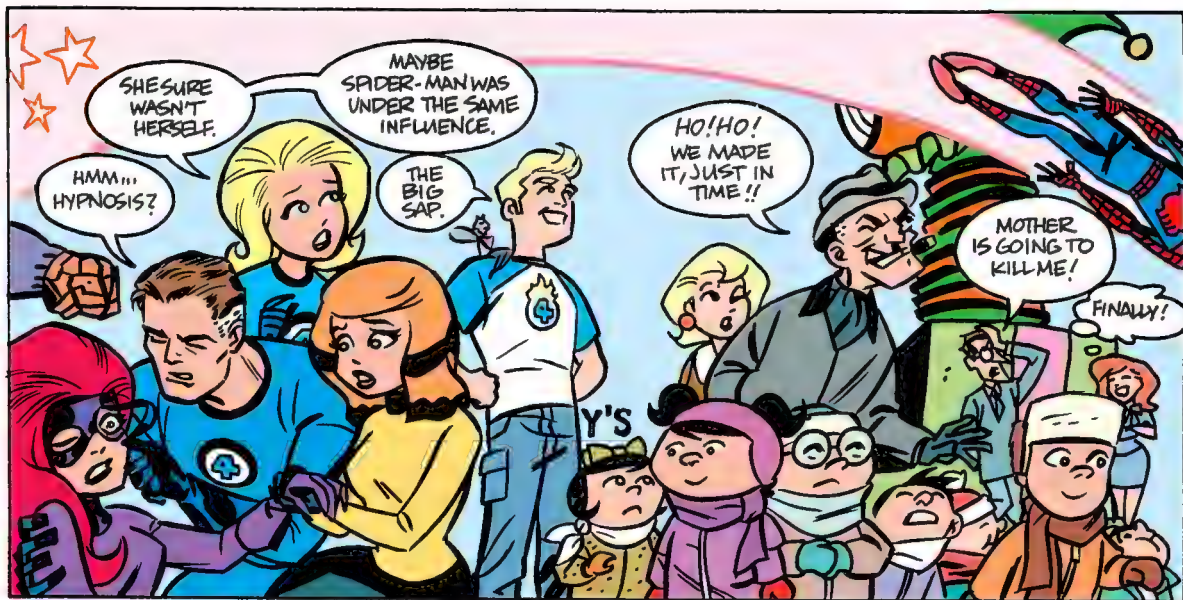
AND WHO THE HECK IS
"SPIDER-MAN"?

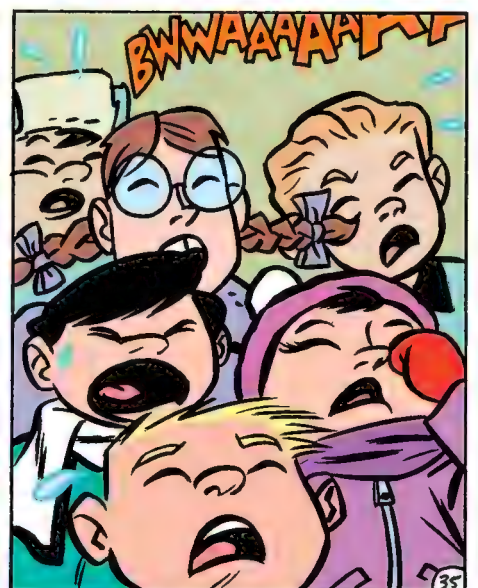
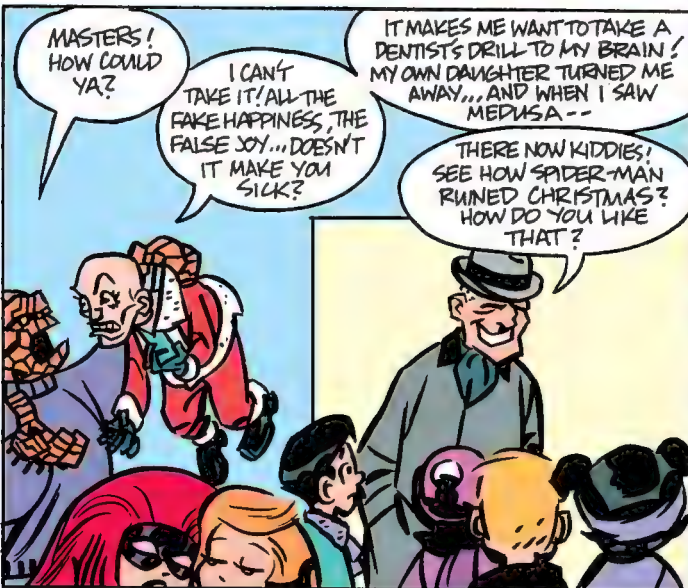
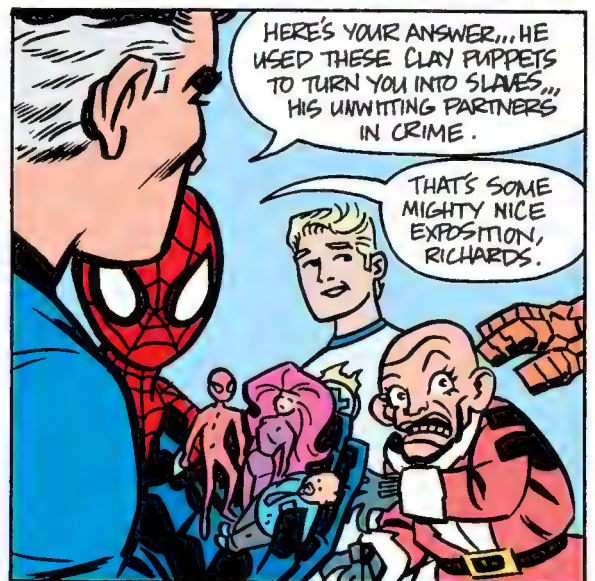
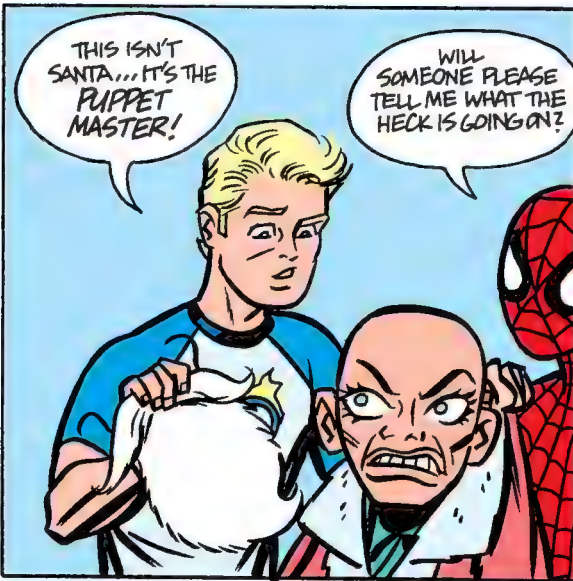
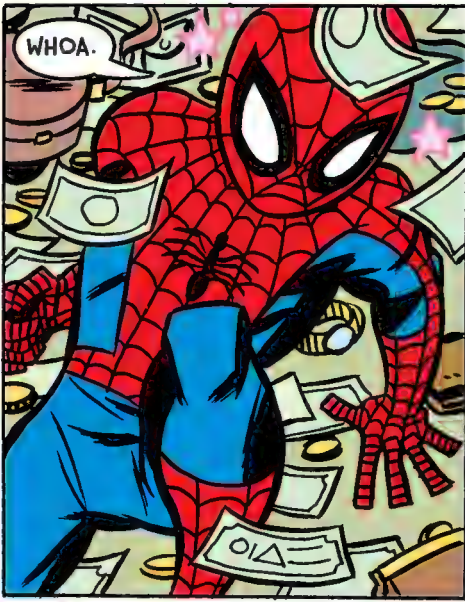












It came to Pass...

That even the worst enemies could come together for the sake of the young.

An Angel of Mercy descended, bringing fresh hope to the afflicted.

Peace

The King and Queen of the great city retired to their castle, as the Queen had a ham to glaze.

At long last, the young man had secured the crystal unicorn for the Captain of Industry.

As for those inhuman gals...

...they decided on the chainsaw for Black Bolt.

Even the Thing shed his customary cynicism and convinced Alicia to comfort her wayward father.

The young and the young at heart made quite merry, and before long, the air was rich with children's laughter.

Just one was inconsolable. But as they arrived at Jonah's, Peter saw his promised gift...

And he was filled with joy. The sly old dog had somehow delivered his beloved to him!

And so, from the gang to you...

Happy Holidays!

*And Peace on Earth,
True Believers!*





...Anyway, my delegate says I should file a complaint.



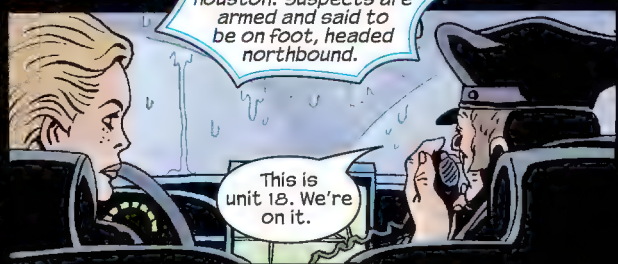
You know what that means: they can reassign you.



Jeez, Weissman, at least use one of these.

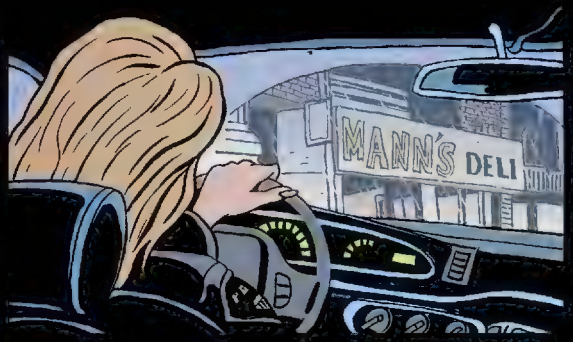
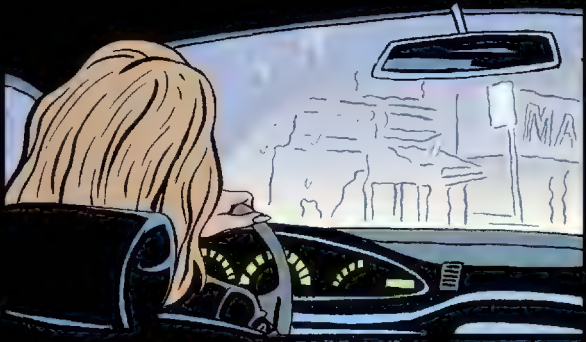
Maybe you should file a complaint after all.

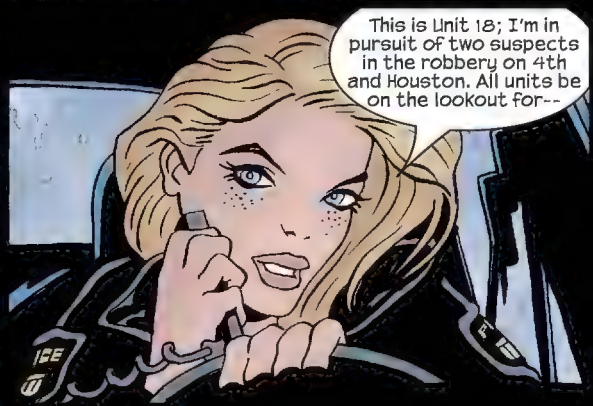
Unit 18, robbery at Mann's Deli on 4th and Houston. Suspects are armed and said to be on foot, headed northbound.



This is unit 18. We're on it.









The System

WRITER
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LETTERER
PAUL TUTKONE

EDITOR
JOHN MIEDEGROS

SUPERVISING EDITOR
ANSEL ALONSO

CHIEF
JOE QUERONDI

PRESIDENT
BILL JEMAS





So, what do you got on that deli robbery?



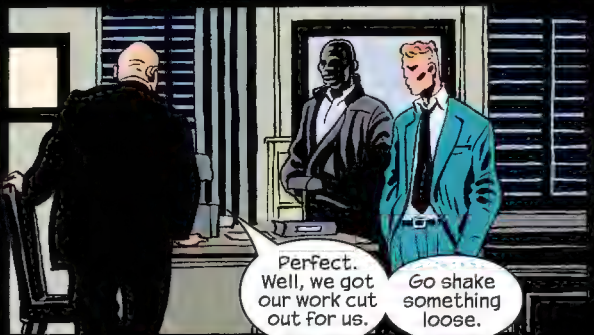
The owner is in a coma down at Mercy General. He was beat over the head with a bat pretty bad.



We got the two guys we like in rooms one and two.

Any witnesses?

Yeah, if you can call her that. The victim's wife. She ID'd Harrison here in a line up.



Perfect. Well, we got our work cut out for us.

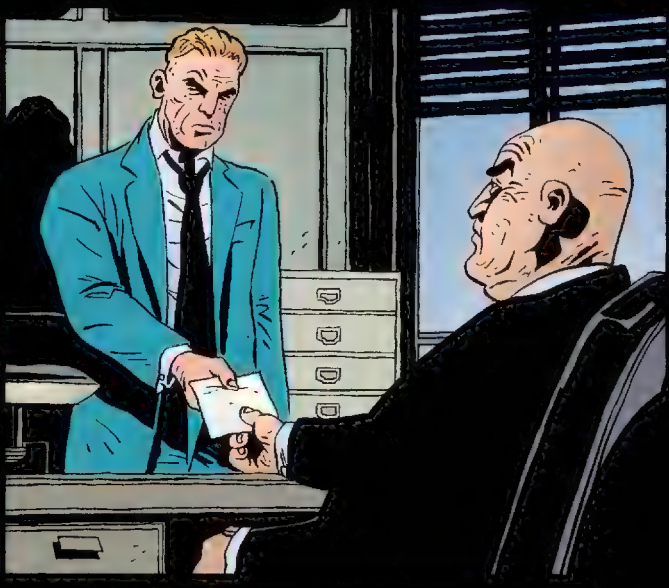
Go shake something loose.



Uh, Captain...?

What?





Son of a...

Courtesy of
your Friendly
Neighborhood
Spider-Man

All right,
where were
the perps
found?

Five
blocks away.
They headed
northbound
after the
job.

Any idea how long
were they tied
up for?

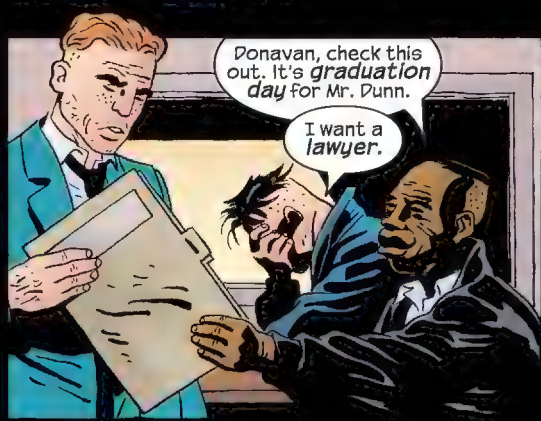
Hard to
say. Could have
been a good five
minutes. Long
enough to get their
stories straight,
though.

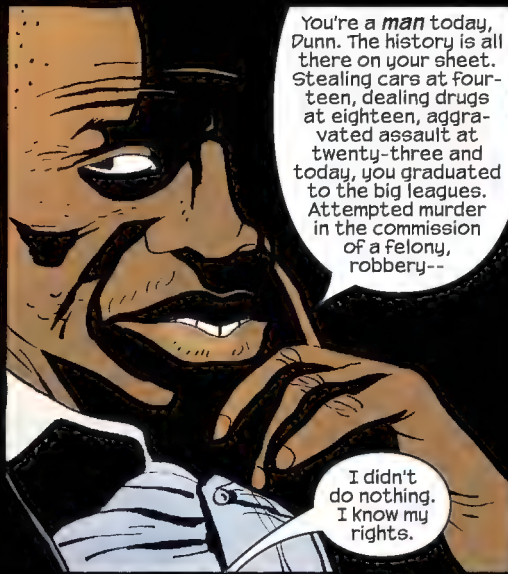
And the
bat?

It was
retrieved one
block away from
where they were
picked up. We're
running it through
forensics.

Okay. Work
them over and I'll
talk to the PA. I think
Hernandez is on this
one. He won't like it, but
maybe he can give
us a break.







You're a *man* today, Dunn. The history is all there on your sheet. Stealing cars at fourteen, dealing drugs at eighteen, aggravated assault at twenty-three and today, you graduated to the big leagues. Attempted murder in the commission of a felony, robbery--

I didn't do nothing. I know my rights.



If you're such an expert on your rights, you'll shut up and let us finish.

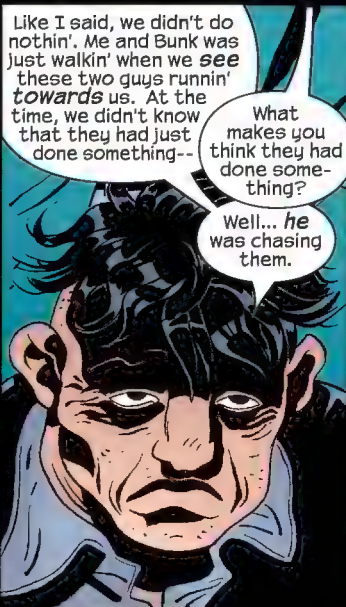


What the hell is he hitting me for? Is this some sort of good cop/bad cop routine?



No kid, we're both pretty bad. And that's as good as it's gonna get.

Now, tell us what happened. From the very beginning.



Like I said, we didn't do nothin'. Me and Bunk was just walkin' when we *see* these two guys runnin' *towards* us. At the time, we didn't know that they had just done something--

What makes you think they had done something?

Well... *he* was chasing them.

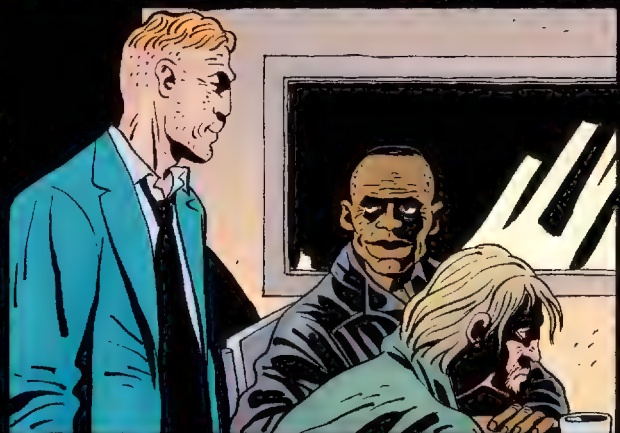
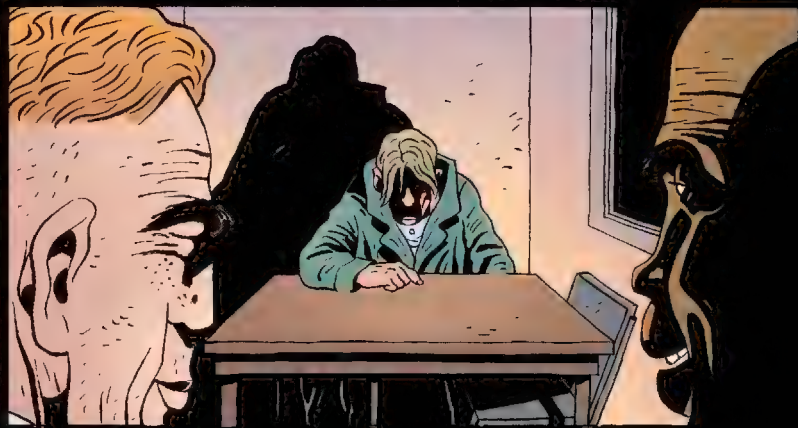
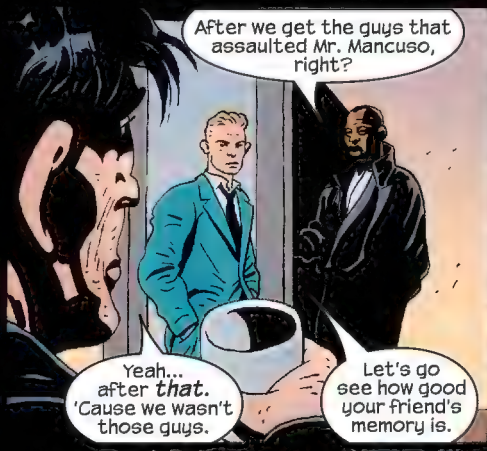


Keep going.

Well, the two guys ran past us, like they were running for their lives. Bunk looks at me and... next thing you know, we... got kind of... stuck.

Stuck?

Yeah, in this... this *web* thing. Only he got the wrong guys. Spider-Man *assaulted* us. You should go after him.





It doesn't look good, huh?

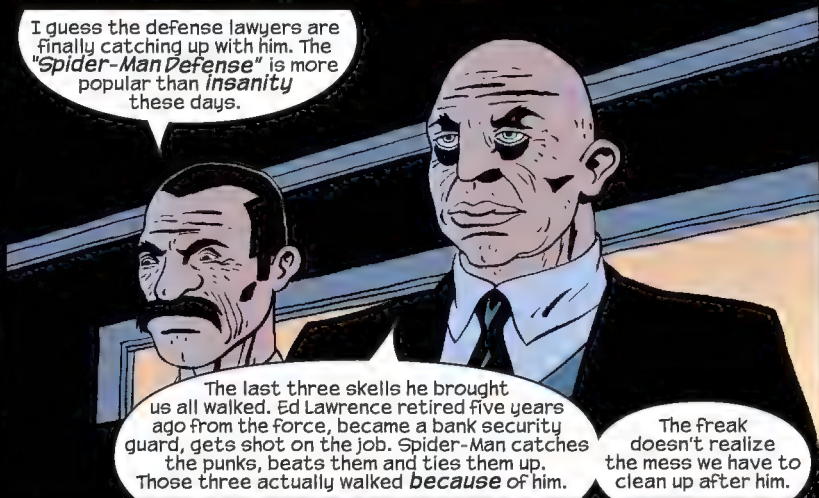
No witnesses, nothing puts them there. The old lady has the worst eyesight I've seen on the job.

Without a confession, the judge will throw this back in our faces.



I just hope this Spider-Man reads the papers.

I guess the defense lawyers are finally catching up with him. The "*Spider-Man Defense*" is more popular than *insanity* these days.



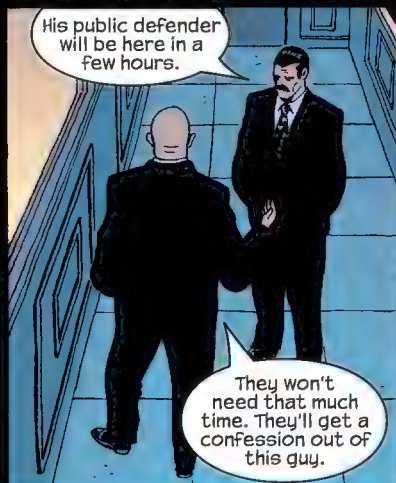
The last three skulls he brought us all walked. Ed Lawrence retired five years ago from the force, became a bank security guard, gets shot on the job. Spider-Man catches the punks, beats them and ties them up. Those three actually walked *because* of him.

The freak doesn't realize the mess we have to clean up after him.



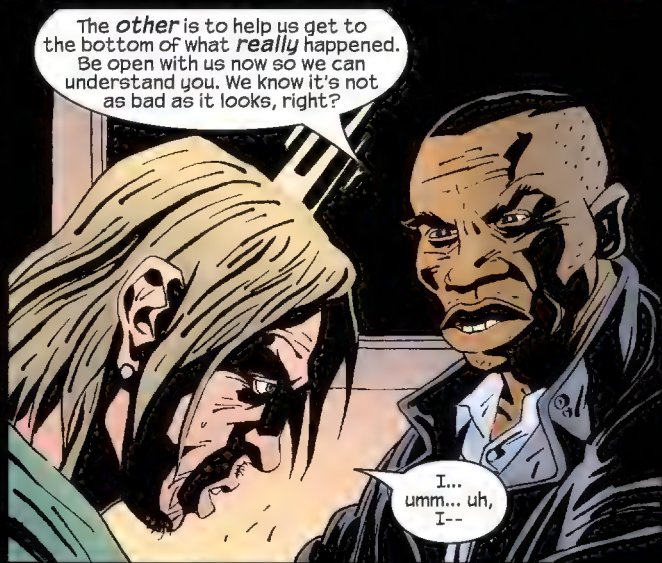
I want a lawyer.

Now, hold on a second. I can't in good conscience sit here without giving you all your options. It's just not right. I know you have the right to a lawyer, but you have other options. A lawyer is just an *option*.



His public defender will be here in a few hours.

They won't need that much time. They'll get a confession out of this guy.





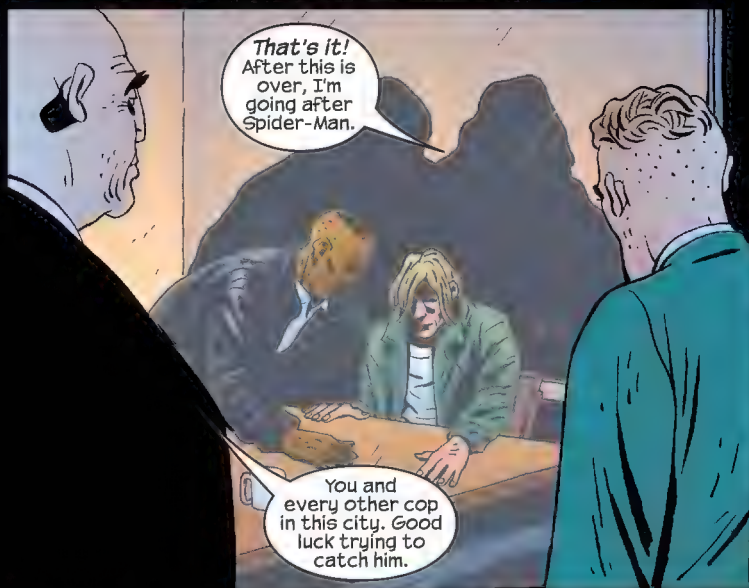


Did forensics come up with anything on the bat?

Nothing we can *use*. The only fingerprints that showed up were the victim's.

We don't have any *witnesses*. They smashed the security cameras and tapes. Nobody was around.

We need a *confession*.



That's it! After this is over, I'm going after Spider-Man.

You and every other cop in this city. Good luck trying to catch him.



These guys are walking because of him. The odor of Spider-Man is enough to make defense lawyers salivate.



This job would be easier... you know, if these costume freaks weren't around.

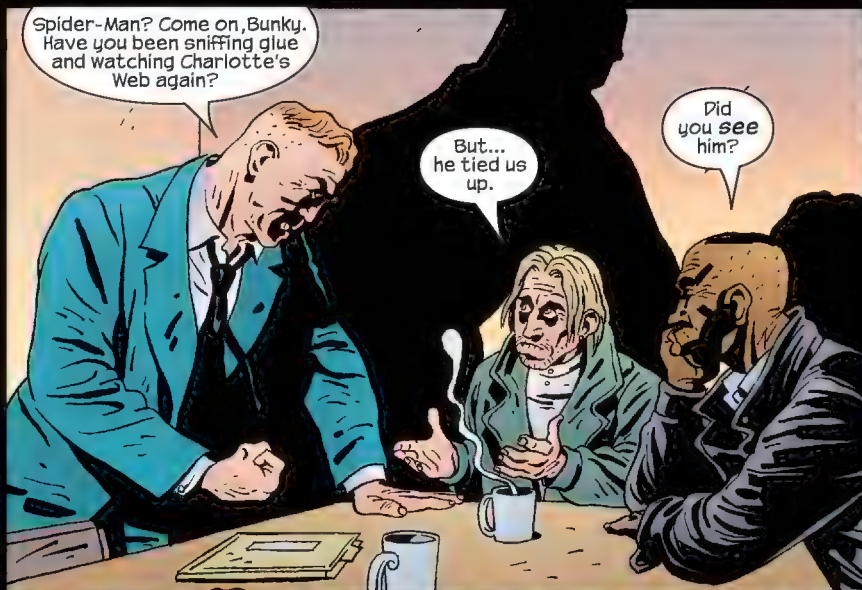


These guys were smart. They got their stories straight.

No, these guys are *idiots*. They all are.



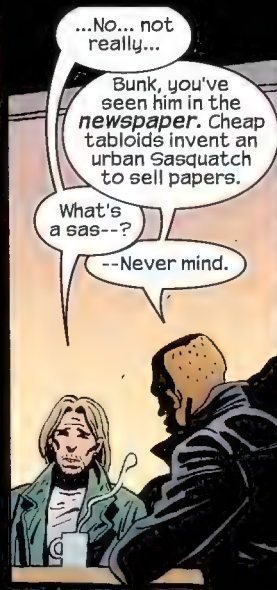




Spider-Man? Come on, Bunky. Have you been sniffing glue and watching Charlotte's Web again?

But... he tied us up.

Did you see him?



...No... not really...

Bunk, you've seen him in the newspaper. Cheap tabloids invent an urban Sasquatch to sell papers.

What's a sas--?

--Never mind.



You're a dumb piece of garbage, aren't you?

I want a lawyer.



This guy is going to die because you and your friend panicked, got a surge of adrenaline, got scared--

I'm not... scared.



You're scared of me, right? Keep on asking for a lawyer, what am I supposed to think?

Bing, either this guy fears me or he's guilty.

I didn't do nothin' and I ain't scared of you.



Really? You should be.



Bunk, you have a baby at home.

How... how did you...?

We have your wallet. I saw her picture; she's pretty.



Stop crying. You did a *man's crime*, Bunk. You cry around here, in the joint, you're *breakfast*, pure and simple. Suck it up.

I want to get out of here.

You can't.

I want my lawyer.

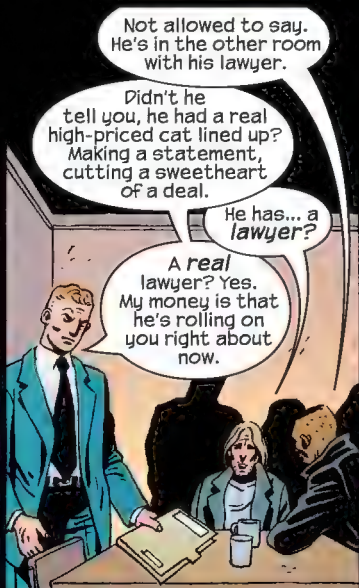


What's your *public defender* going to do for you? Most cops get along real well with them; they keep the wheels of justice moving right along.

But, I *told* you what happened.

That story is garbage. Your friend told us different.

What did he *say*?



Not allowed to say. He's in the other room with his lawyer.

Didn't he tell you, he had a real high-priced cat lined up? Making a statement, cutting a sweetheart of a deal.

He has... a lawyer?

A real lawyer? Yes. My money is that he's rolling on you right about now.



Forensics can put you at the scene. I got *witnesses*, *DNA*, fingerprints.

No you don't, I wore gloves.



What was *that*?

So... you wore gloves?



I'm... I'm just saying, I was wearing gloves. So... even if I *was* there, you wouldn't have my *finger-prints*.



Were you there?

No.

Then what do you care?



It's gonna be a long time before you see your daughter--

Don't you talk about my daughter!





We got everything we need.

I didn't *do* nothin'.



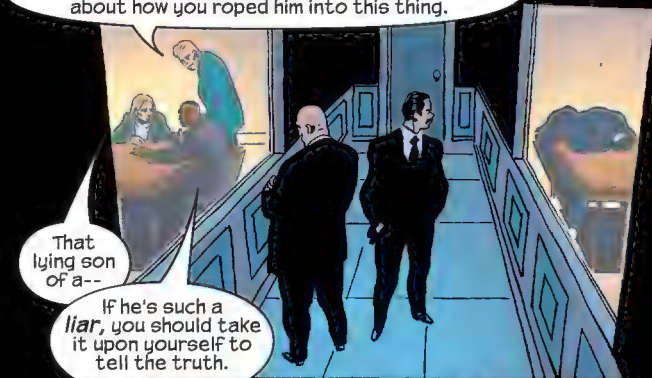
Hey, Bunk, I'm trying to be fair with you. Waiting for you to smarten up, say something to make you look good in court.

I'm not going to court.

You put yourself at the scene moron. You *said* it; it's in the open.

I didn't mean nothin'.

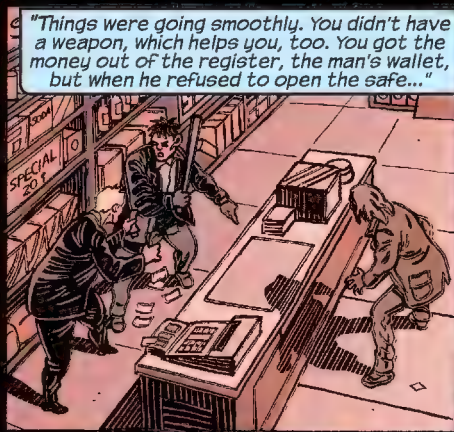
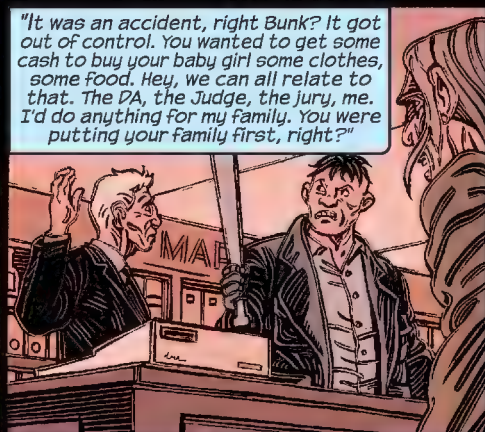
The other genius is giving us a statement right now. You didn't think he'd hold up against us. He told me all about how you roped him into this thing.



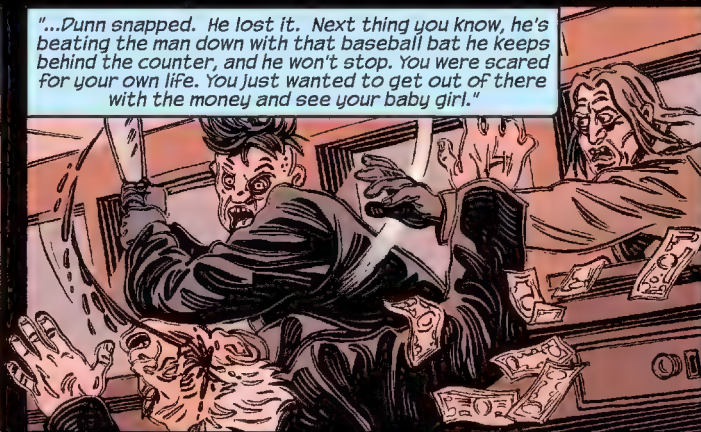
That lying son of a--

If he's such a *liar*, you should take it upon yourself to tell the truth.

"It was an accident, right Bunk? It got out of control. You wanted to get some cash to buy your baby girl some clothes, some food. Hey, we can all relate to that. The DA, the Judge, the jury, me. I'd do anything for my family. You were putting your family first, right?"



"Things were going smoothly. You didn't have a weapon, which helps you, too. You got the money out of the register, the man's wallet, but when he refused to open the safe..."



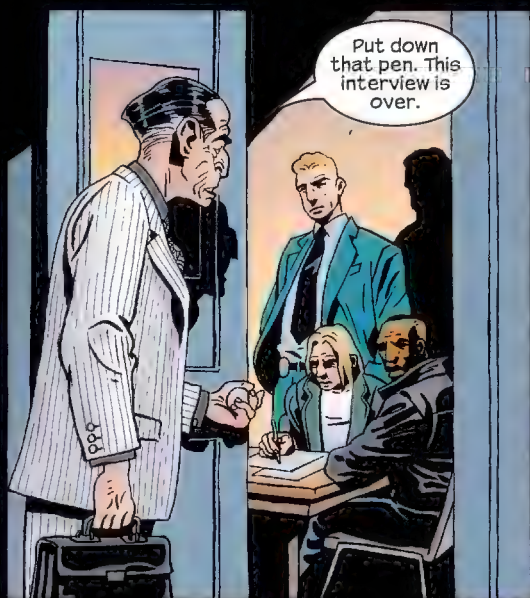
"...Dunn snapped. He lost it. Next thing you know, he's beating the man down with that baseball bat he keeps behind the counter, and he won't stop. You were scared for your own life. You just wanted to get out of there with the money and see your baby girl."



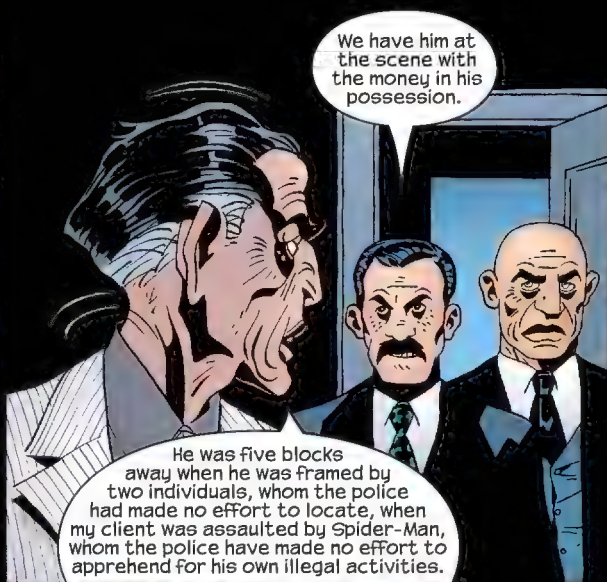
It's okay, Bunk. Tell the truth, get that stink off you. You had nothing to do with beating that man. It was for your family.

I know it's tough to say. Try writing it down.





Put down that pen. This interview is over.



We have him at the scene with the money in his possession.

He was five blocks away when he was framed by two individuals, whom the police had made no effort to locate, when my client was assaulted by Spider-Man, whom the police have made no effort to apprehend for his own illegal activities.



Your client did not even see this so-called Spider-Man. He claimed that he and his accomplice ran into a discarded web-like material.



Now you're pretending he doesn't exist? You don't even believe that yourself. No fingerprints, no witnesses. I've seen *toilet paper* stronger than your *case*.



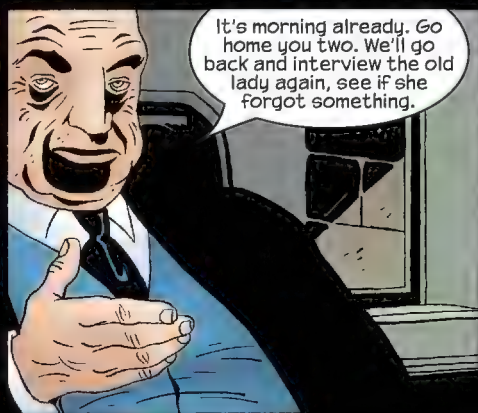
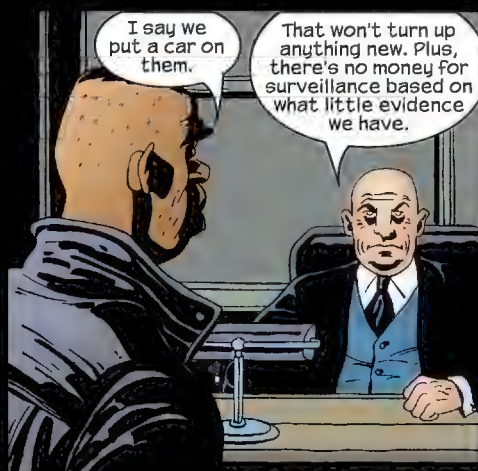
Are you charging my client or not?

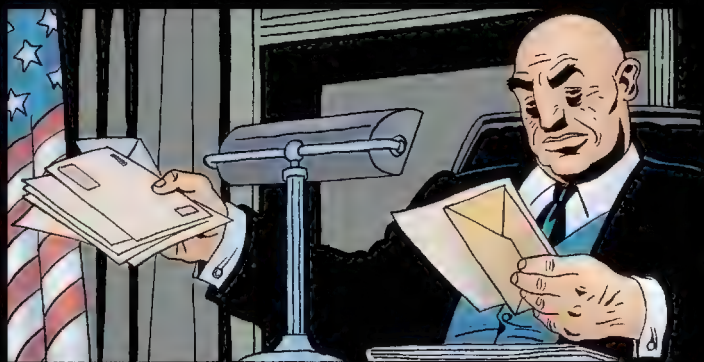


I thought so.

You're making a mistake, Bunk.

Don't say another word. We're going.





FINAL **DAILY BUGLE** **FINAL**
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

A large illustration of Spider-Man in his iconic red and blue suit, fighting two thugs. One thug is holding a baseball bat, and both are screaming in pain or anger. The scene is set in a dark, urban environment.

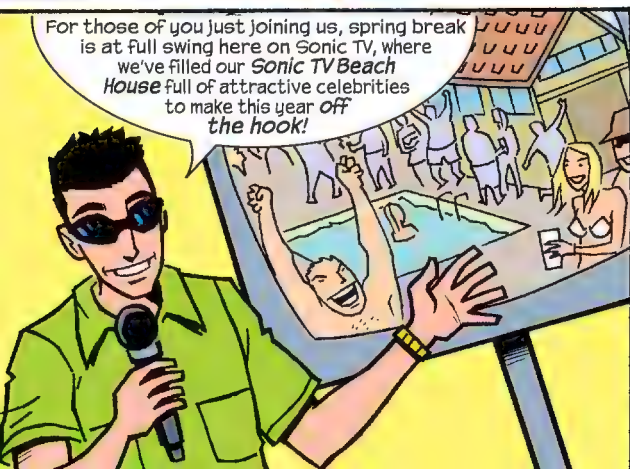
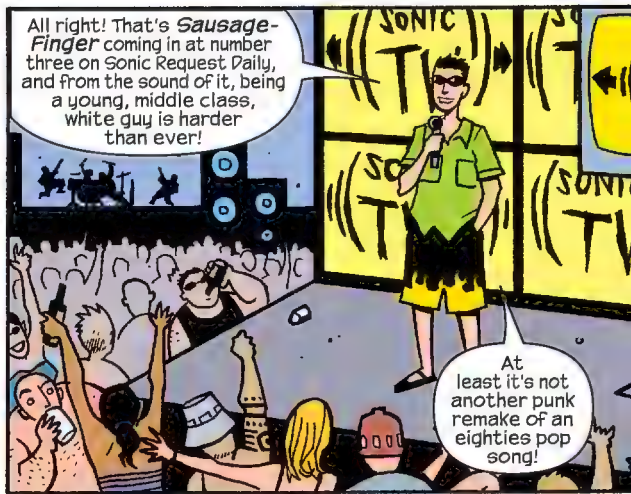
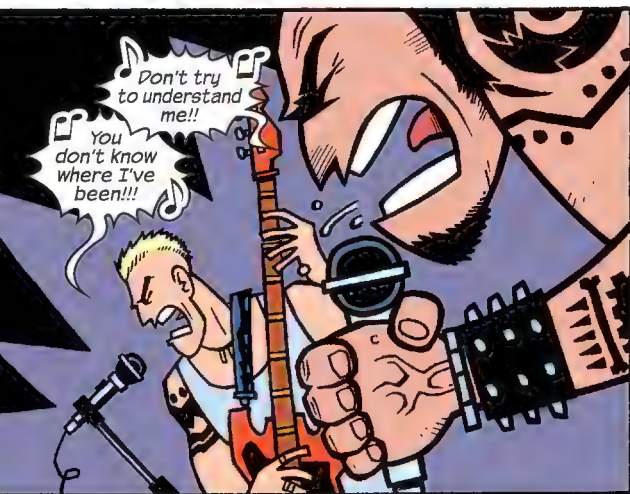
*Courtesy of
your Friendly
Neighborhood
Spider-Man*

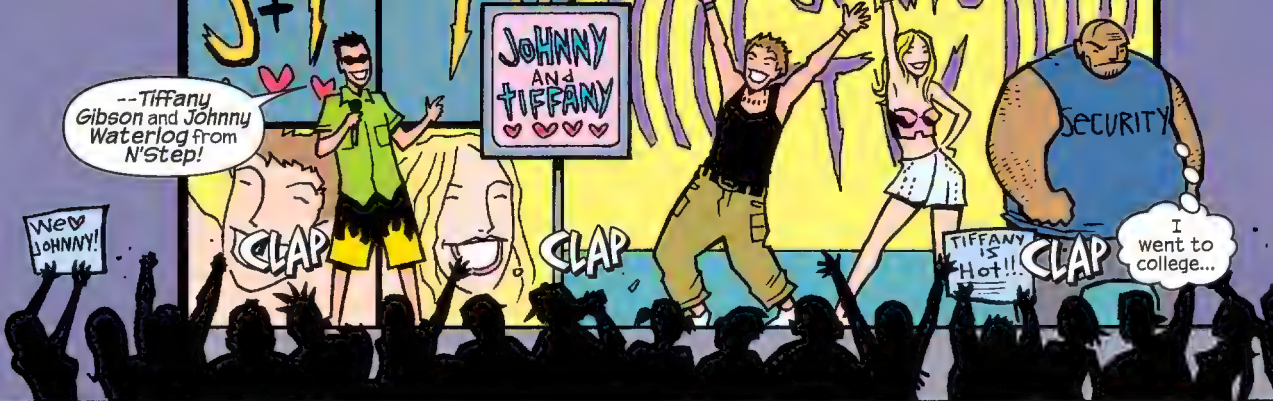
Photograph by PETER PARKER

SPIDER-MAN STRIKES OUT THUGS

END

Jones Beach,
New York.





--Tiffany Gibson and Johnny Waterlog from N'Step!

We ♥ JOHNNY!

CLAP

CLAP

TIFFANY is Hot!!!

CLAP

I went to college...



Now you guys both have new cuts on the charts vying for number one; what were you going for with these new videos?

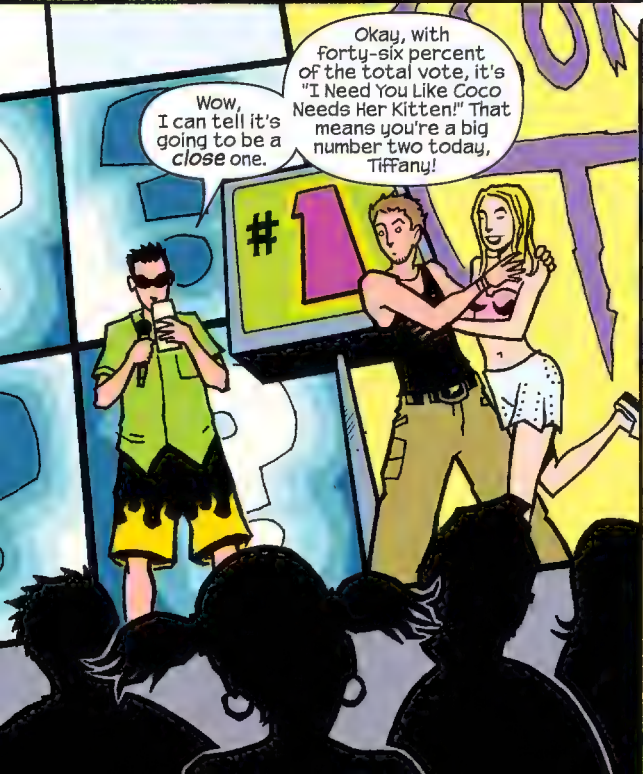
I...

Oh I knew I needed to take it to the **next level**, y'know, show everyone I'm not a little girl anymore. So I gyrate a lot more in this one.



Wow, showing a **sensual side** to stay on top-- such a **brave decision** for a young woman in this industry. What about **you**, Johnny, what were you and the band going for with your latest: "I Need You Like **Coco Needs Her Kitten**"?

Uh, yeah, I guess we're, uh, also taking it to the **next level**... and we gyrate some, too.



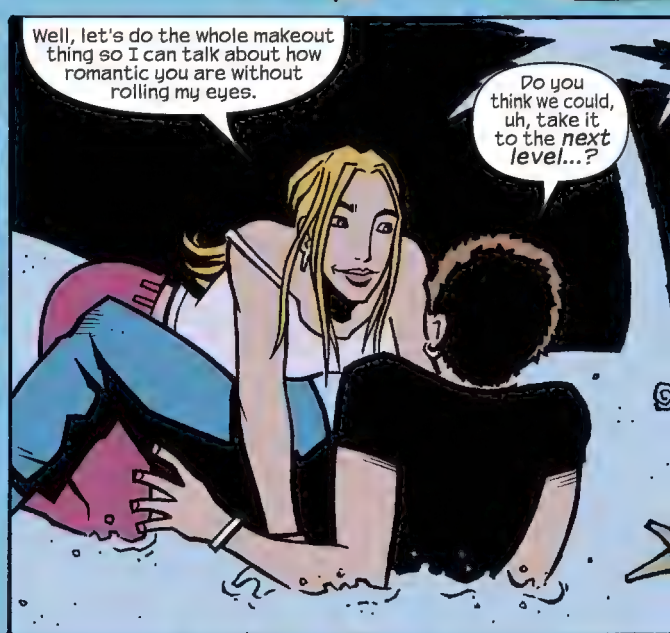
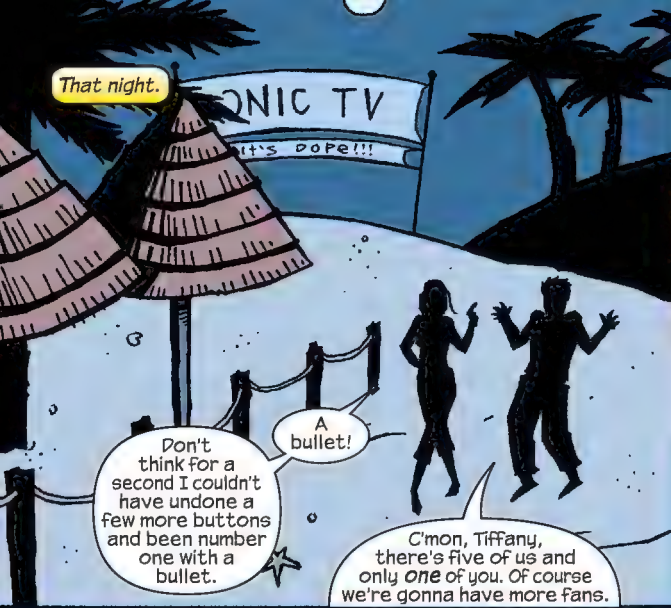
Wow, I can tell it's going to be a **close one**.

Okay, with forty-six percent of the total vote, it's "I Need You Like **Coco Needs Her Kitten**!" That means you're a big number two today, Tiffany!



You fans are the best! I couldn't do it without you!

Oh well. At least I got beat by my boyfriend!!



Noooooooooooooooooooooo!

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF SHAME

PART 1

ZEB WELLS - WRITER
JIM MAHFOOD - ARTIST
STEVE BUCELLATO - COLORS
RANDY GENTILE - LETTERS
JOHN MIESEGAES - ASST. EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO - EDITOR
JOE QUESADA - CHIEF
BILL JEMAS - PRES.





Now getting a cold in the dead of winter is one thing, but why do I always seem to relapse as soon as the sun comes out?

CLICK

Looks like everyone in this city will get a tan except me...

...kind of like when I was in High School.



Now Joan, I'm seeing a large woman coming through here...

...is everyone in your family fat?



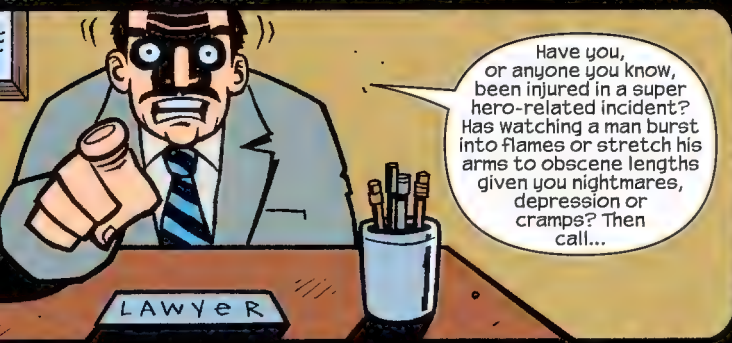
CLICK



I wasn't hurting her, Corky, that's just what Moms and Dads do when they love each other very much...



CLICK



Have you, or anyone you know, been injured in a super hero-related incident? Has watching a man burst into flames or stretch his arms to obscene lengths given you nightmares, depression or cramps? Then call...



CLICK



Remind me to apologize to Aunt May for ignoring her when she said TV would rot my brain.

CLICK

...welcome to Sonic TV News, "The news we know you want!"

"Sonic TV News"? This should be a poignant look at world events.



Controversy and unanswered questions stalled Sonic TV's Spring Break festivities this morning when it was revealed two of the guests of honor, Tiffany Gibson and Johhy Waterlog, were missing!

With rumors spreading that the couple has finally eloped, Tyson Hayley sat down with the remaining members of N'Step to get their take on Johnny's disappearance.



What can you guys tell all the worried fans out there?

Honestly, Tyson, I can't say I'm surprised. Johnny's been acting strange lately...



That Tiffany is always filling his head with crazy thoughts, she's like *Yoko Ono* but a lot prettier--

I don't think a real reporter would allow this group a *Beatles* comparison.

--but hey, it's not like we lost a *lead guitarist*, y'know? So there'll be *one less* person humming the chorus, big deal.



How can you *say* that, B.J.?! We canceled a tour for you when you got addicted to *diet pills*!

Not when you're bi-polar, B.J.

Hey I sing bass! Do you think that's easy? Do you?!



Every facet of my intelligence is being assaulted at once, and I can't look away.

Are you crying?!

What kind of cultural sadist is in charge down there?





Baabbbyyy!!

Fine, Parker, don't change the channel, but I hope you know you'll have to kill yourself if anyone catches you watching this.

I see you comin' at me with a crazy girl bounce--

And that tight shirt you wearin' don't bug me one ounce...

'Cause you're walkin' up to me, and you've got mad support...

I don't know what's worse.

And if you catch me staring, baby, here's my retort.

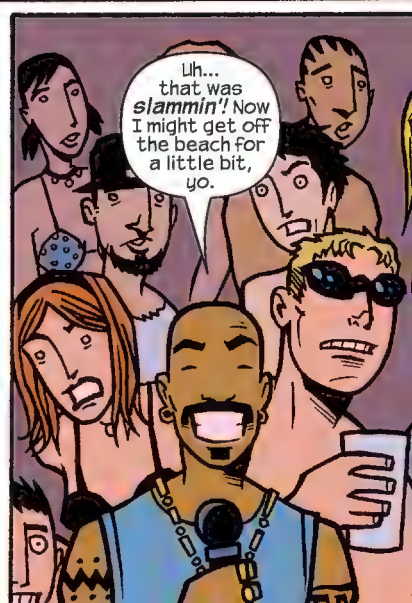
That someone would sing a song this puerile...

...or that they'd do it with complete sincerity.

Let me see that braaaaa!!!! That bra-b-bra-bra-bra!!!

I love that bra, that bra, that bra b-bra bra bra!

Okay buddy, we get it. Who are you trying to convince?





Now maybe I'm just out of touch here, but that sure didn't look planned. And in spite of Glyrese's verbal dexterity...

Uh...
Heh heh...
Word!

...I think the Sonic TV Beach Party might have a job for Spider-Man.



But come on, Spider-Man can take a sick day, can't he? It's not like it's a gathering of Nobel Prize winners, I'm sure society could survive with a few less songs about women's anatomy.

Achoo!

Oh man, I really need to rest.

With great power must come great responsibility...
with great power must come great responsibility...

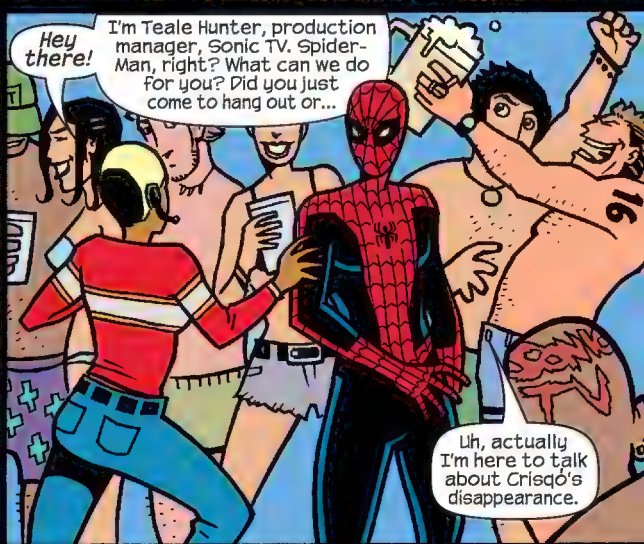
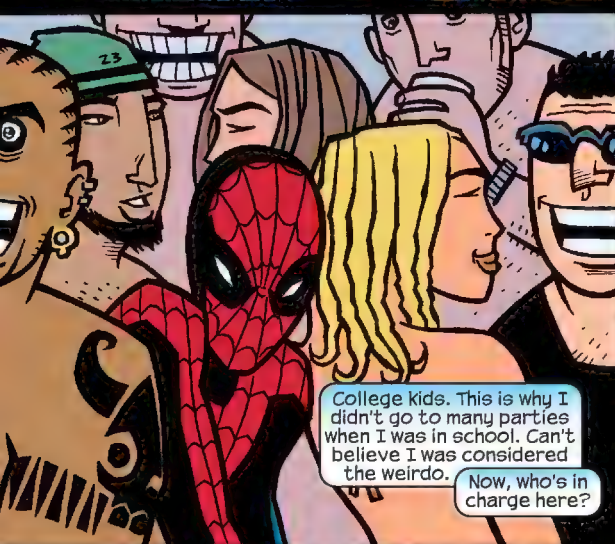
Just a few more hours.

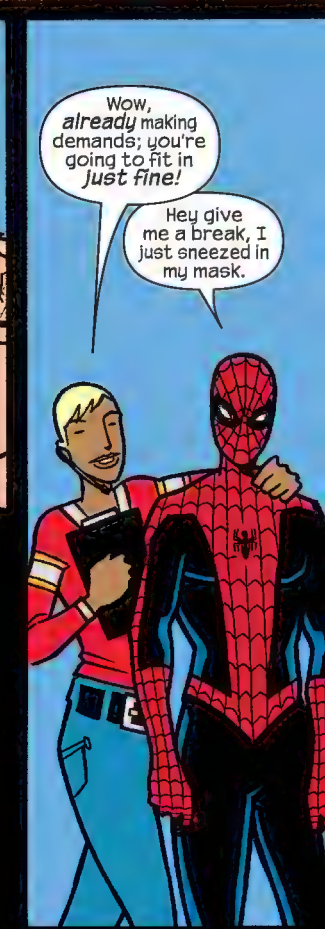
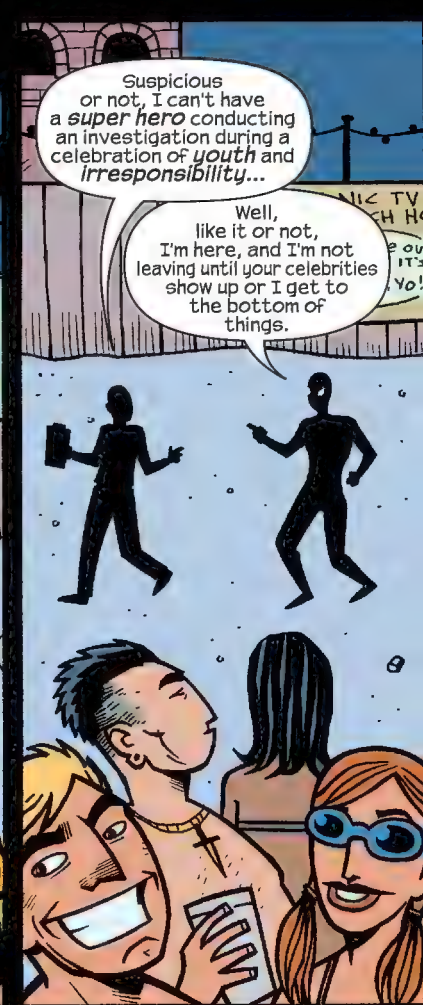
Power and responsibility...
power and responsibility.



Oh who am I kidding, I don't have an *excuse*.

A few minutes ago I was ready to go down there just to slap Crieqo around a little bit.







Oh, gross. Not feeling well?

Just a little cold.

No problem, we'll raid Maria Kelly's medicine cabinet. She's got everything from chewable vitamins to horse tranquilizers in there.

That voice...

I know that voice...

Spider something...

No... spiders can't talk, I'm not making sense...



Where am I...? Why can't I stay in one place? Can't focus...



Just remember you brought this on *yourself*, Molly.

Bill, think about what you're doing. How am I going to take care of William?

Mom? Daddy?

Why should I care? You made your decision, baby, now I'm making mine. You think I'm just going to sit around and let you hold me back blah blah blah blah

Blah
Blah
Blah
Blah

Blahwitdaba blah blang a dang diddy diddy diddy said the boogy said up bump the booty.



No... not Paddy, I must be dreaming, can't understand what anyone's saying.





Okay, all cleaned up and ready to go. I'd like to start by seeing where Crisqó disappeared.

Spider-Man

Sorry, there's a beach bikini contest going on there right now..



Oh come on! This is *serious business* here. You're going to have to *stop* the show.

Hey, like I said: if you want to snoop around, you're going to play by *my* rules. If you don't like it, *leave*.

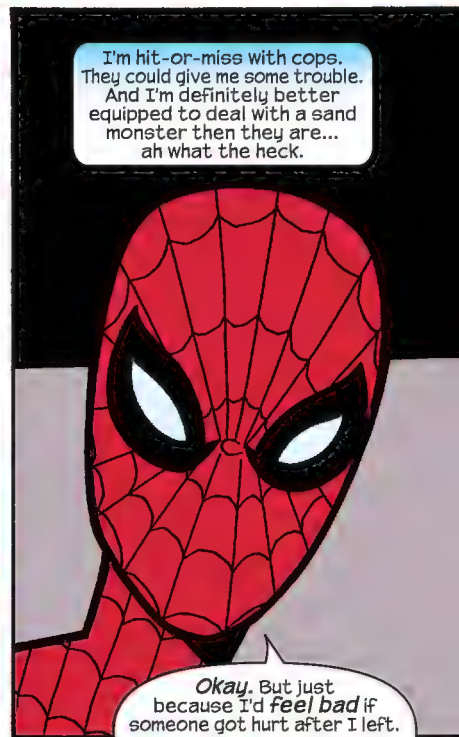


Look, Teale, I play by my *rules* and I'm not leaving!

Then I'll call the Cops!

Cops could mean bad publicity...

So could you!



I'm hit-or-miss with cops. They could give me some trouble. And I'm definitely better equipped to deal with a sand monster than they are... ah what the heck.

Okay. But just because I'd *feel* bad if someone got hurt after I left.



Great! I hate to see someone's *celebrity* go to waste. Put this on.

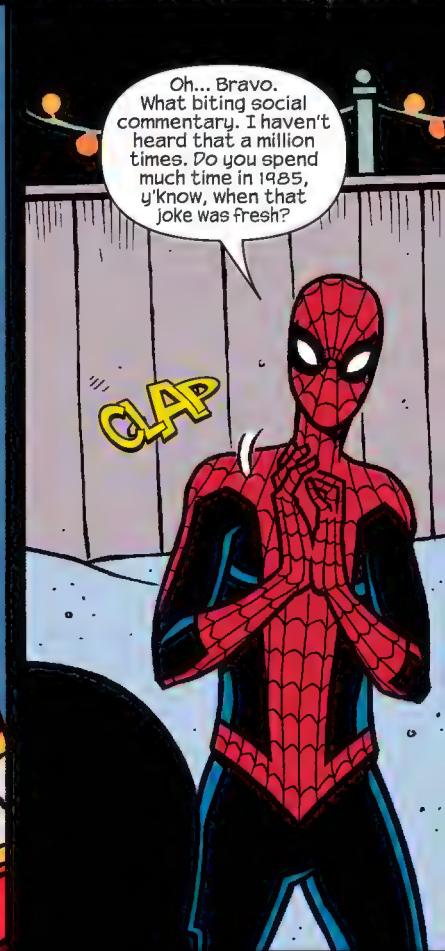
Huh?

THROW!



If my *dignity* had a spider-sense, it would be going crazy right now.







Why are you screaming at me...

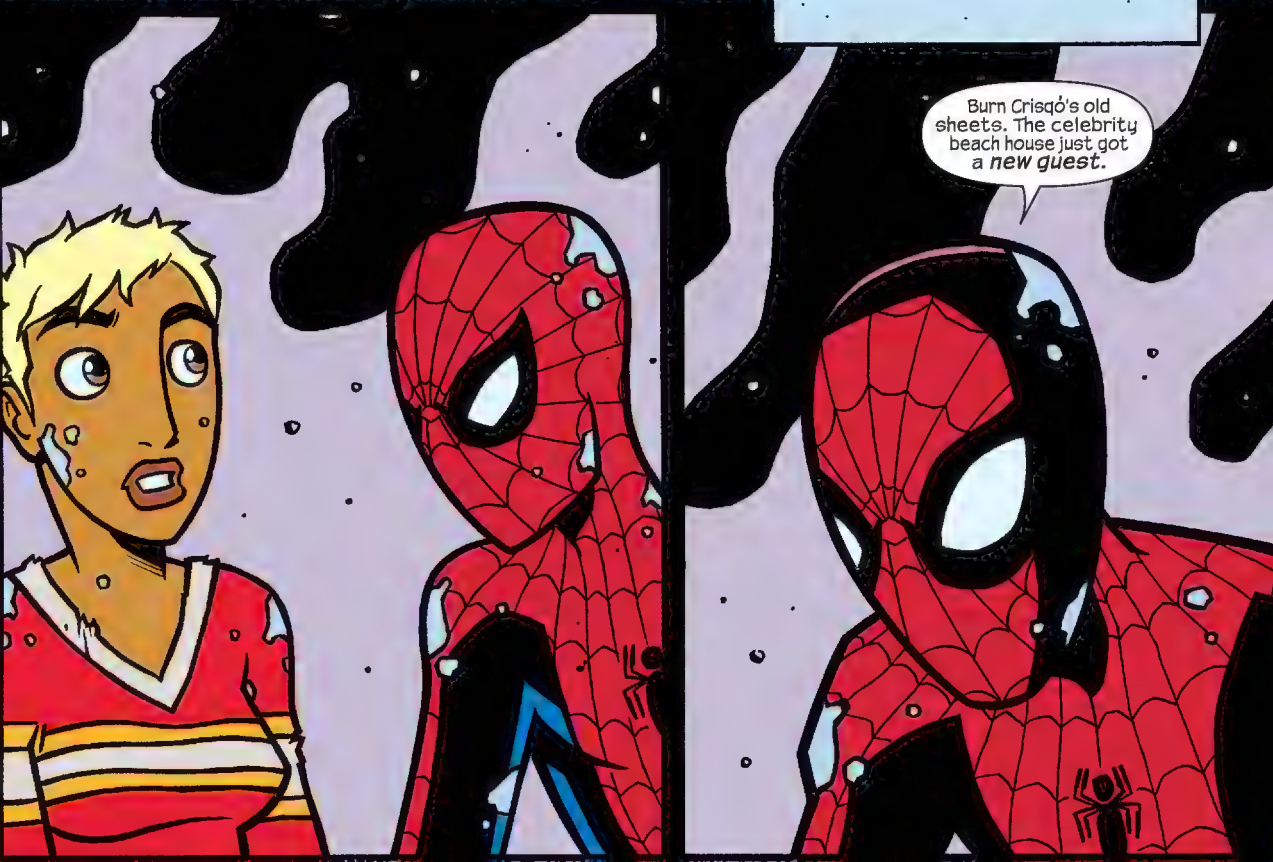
...louder...?

...leave me alone!!



Shut up!!!

I ♥ Bee
I ♥ Bee
I ♥ Bee
ER I ♥ Bee
I ♥ Bee
I ♥ Bee
I ♥ Bee



Burn Crisqó's old sheets. The celebrity beach house just got a *new* guest.

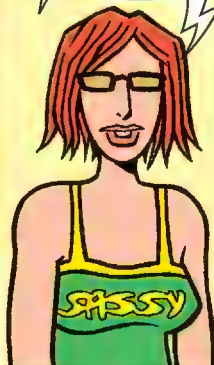
SONIC TV

NEWS ATTACK ON SPRING BREAK

When troubled diva Maria Kelly's semi-autobiographical film debuted earlier this year, many cynics took great joy in the fact that her career had hit rock bottom.



Earlier tonight, after her voice triggered an attack by the very beach she was performing on, those cynics were finally silenced but only by the sound of her career relentlessly scraping out a new low.



More importantly, this attack casts an ominous light on the recent disappearances of fellow pop stars Tiffany Gibson, Johnny Waterlog, and Salacious R&B Star Crisqo-- all fellow guests at the Sonic TV beach house.



Sonic TV officials have downplayed the danger, as well as the theory that this might be the first of many attacks across the nation's coastline.



Gentlemen, please! America's beaches are beaches of peace; to judge them because of one incident would be closed-minded and ignorant.

Sonic TV is already doing its part to fight anti-beach sentiment with a series of public education announcements aimed at the nation's youth...



1. SAND IS OVER 90% SILICA.

SONIC TV

2. SILICA IS USED TO MAKE MICRO-TRANSISTORS.

SONIC TV

3. Silicone is used to make many pop stars.

SONIC TV

4. MOST SAND DOES NOT WANT TO KILL YOU.

SONIC TV

5. PLEASE, GO PLAY IN THE SAND.

WHAT IS SAND?







...The "Spectacular Sellout."

SONIC TV BEER

SONIC TV X-TRA
LARGE BEER
Helmet, son.

SONIC TV

CRISPO
RULES

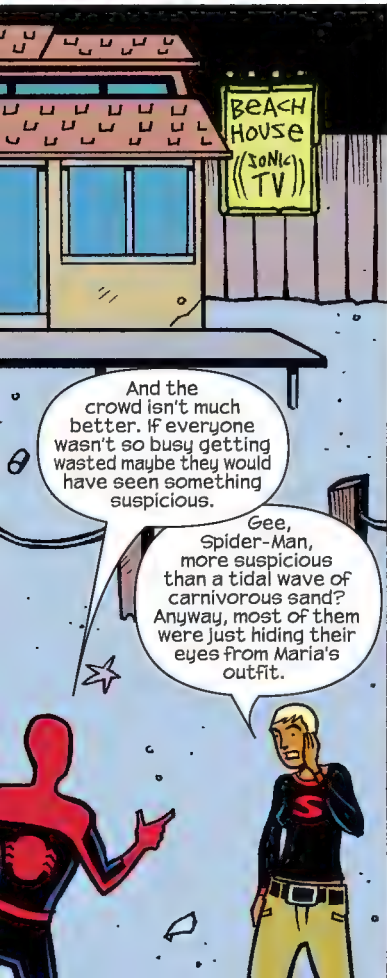
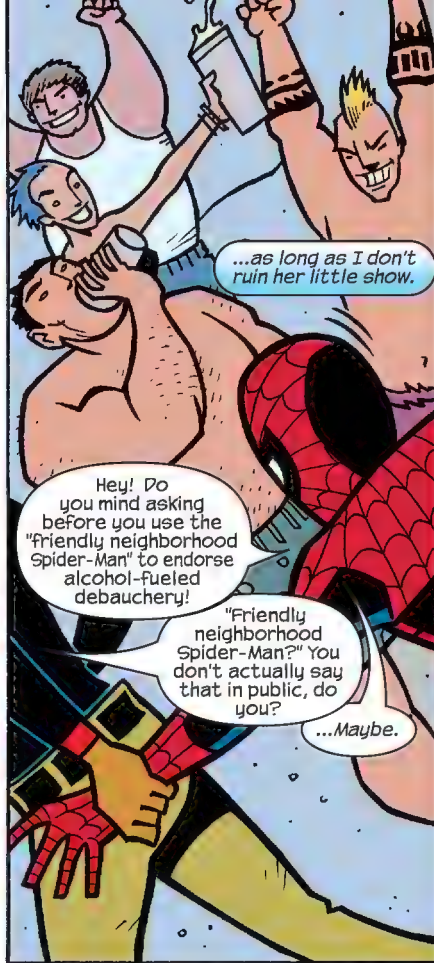
SPRING
BREAK
FOOL!!

STAN LEE
PRESENTS

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF SHAME

PART TWO

ZEB WELLS - WRITER * JIM MAHFOD - ARTIST * STEVE BUCCELLATO - COLORS * RANDY GENTLE - LETTERS *
JOHN MIESEGAES - ASST. EDITOR * AXEL SALONSO - EDITOR * JOE QUESADA - CHIEF * BILL JEMAS - PRES.



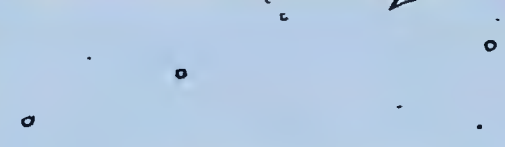
Elsewhere...

Oh man I'm gonna...

Watch it, dude!

BLARRRGHH!!

Thanks for the wake up call, punks...



...Not that I needed it... My mind's more awake than ever... Even if it's a little crowded...

...These definitely aren't my memories...

UNION IDENT'S CLUB

You call that acting! You'd be more convincing if I smeared peanut butter under your tongue and dubbed the voice in later!!

Picked last again, eh, Waterlog???

Lucky for you the girl's team is short a player.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Maria, of course you're gaining weight, they're pain killers not tic-

TA AAARRRGHH!!

Son, dresses are for little girls, not little boys.

...Thank God.

**JUNIOR
STUDENT'S
CLUB**

...These definitely aren't *my* memories...

You call that acting! You'd be more convincing if I smeared peanut butter under your tongue and dubbed the voice in later!!

Picked last again, eh, Waterlog?!?
Lucky for you the girl's team
is short a player.

A cartoon drawing of a person with dark skin and curly hair, laughing heartily. Several speech bubbles containing the text 'HA' in various colors (orange, blue, yellow, white, red, green) are floating around the person's head.

Maria,
of course you're
gaining weight, they're
pain killers not tic-
TAAARRRGHH!!

Son,
dresses are for
little *girls*, not
little boys.

...Thank God.



I've been in a *dreamworld*,
and while I was asleep it
looks like my "body" invited
some friends over...

...some ...*important*
friends. Or at least,
they seem to think so.



I couldn't even make
a sand castle a week
ago, let alone a body...

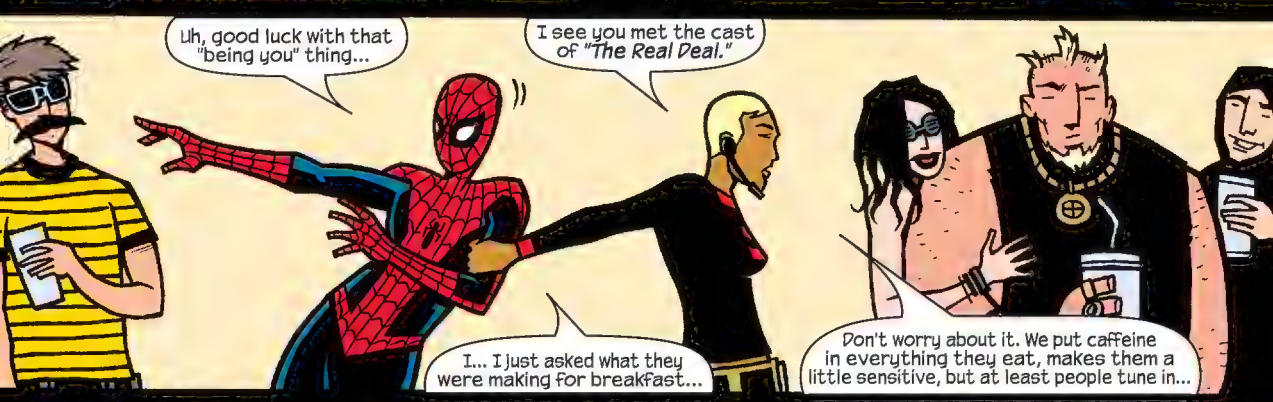


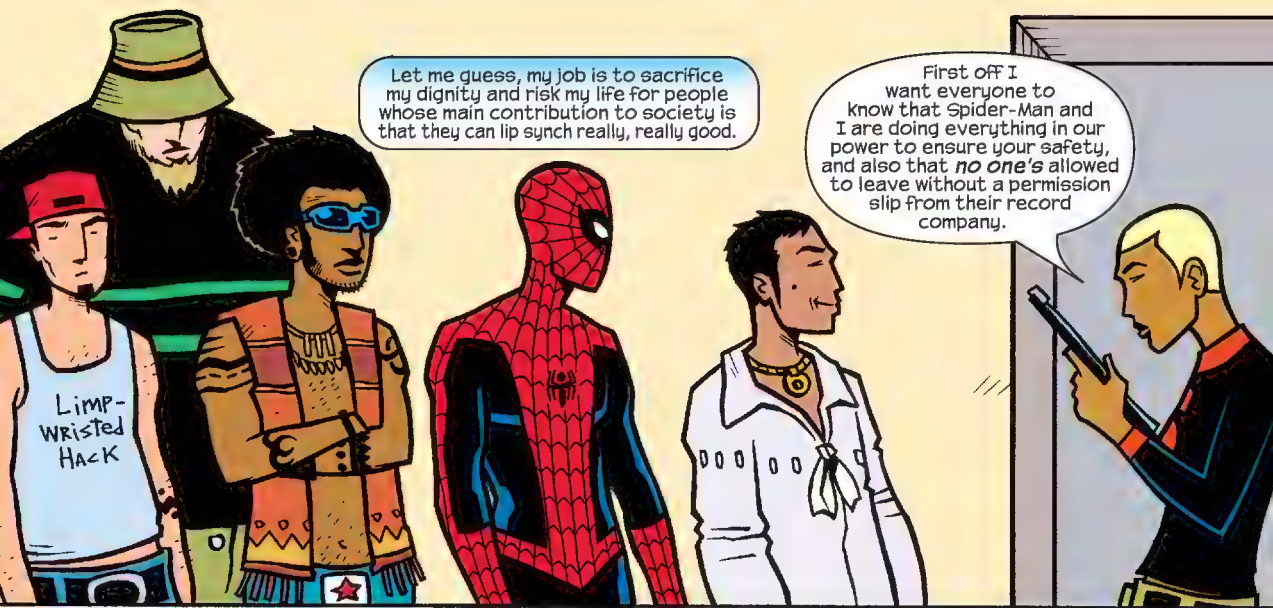
...now it feels like a
team effort, like my
mind's *stronger* than
it's ever been.



I don't know why there
are *four celebrities* sharing
my subconscious with me...

...but they're beginning
to *grow* on me!





Let me guess, my job is to sacrifice my dignity and risk my life for people whose main contribution to society is that they can lip synch really, really good.

First off I want everyone to know that Spider-Man and I are doing everything in our power to ensure your safety, and also that *no one's* allowed to leave without a permission slip from their record company.



Now, Rico. You're up first singing "Tus Naldas Son Muy Grande," so I'm going to have to replace one of your dancing girls with Spidey here.

Good guess, Spidey.

Anything for you, Senora.



Watch the touching, Rico. Okay, Lynny, after that you're performing your new single... Ugh... "Are You Gonna Fly My Way."

Look, Spider-Man, maybe that would be a good time for you to take lunch.

Wha... What is *that* supposed to mean!? Was that a slam?



No, No...!

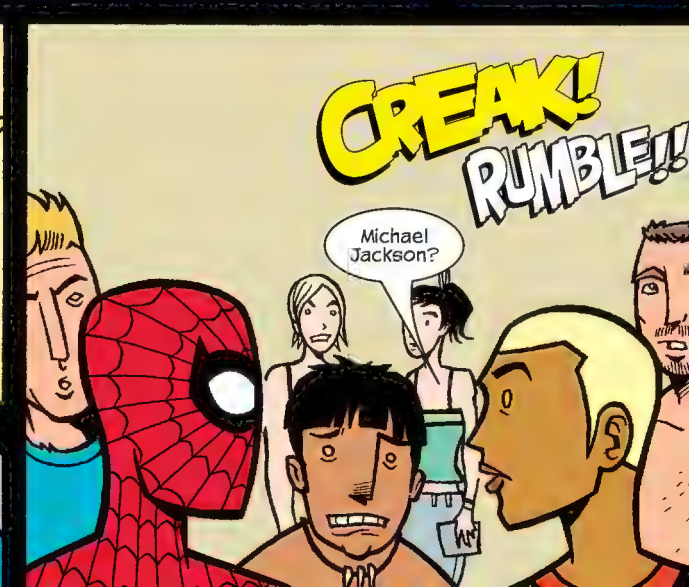
That song is very popular...

Overplayed, Lynny. The correct term is *overplayed*. Now why don't you make yourself useful and get the door.

Okay...



You're overplayed...







Spider-Man!
Great to see you,
babe! Hey, could you
get out of the way so
I can eat some of
these people?

Sandman!
I thought you
might be behind this!
If you think for
one second...

Why
aren't you
wearing
pants?



I'm trying out a new look, what do you
think? Sure does beat the brown
cords, but I've put on a
little weight.

Sandman!
You're talking like
an idiot.



You'll have to *excuse* me. I've got four
pop sensations running around in my
head, makes me a little self-
absorbed.

Yeah,
and gives me
one more reason
to beat the crap
out of you.

So we're
gonna fight
then? I like
it. Kind of
retro.

WAIT!!



Oh please...

If you want
the Spider-Man,
you'll have to get
through me!

Rico...

Shhhh!!



Let
me be your
hero.

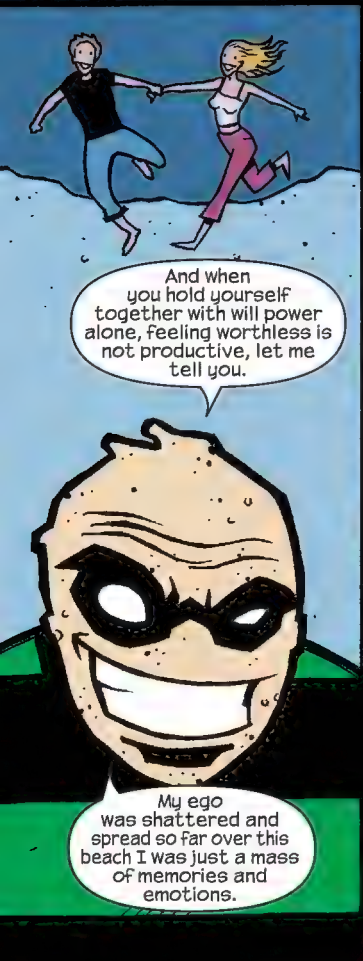


You see, Spider-Man? It's like my mind gets a *double shot of espresso*. They're like *spinach*, and I'm like Popeye!

Yeah, I get it.

Of course you do. By the way, thanks a lot for letting me fall down that sewer drain. I can't tell you what it does for your self-esteem to become one with a flood of raw sewage.

Yep, pack your bags, kids, we're going on a guilt trip.



And when you hold yourself together with will power alone, feeling worthless is not productive, let me tell you.

My ego was shattered and spread so far over this beach I was just a mass of memories and emotions.



I could have been trapped forever, but luckily my subconscious was attracted to people whose self-image was... healthy, to say the least.

My road to recovery was paved with the bloated egos of FM radio and soft drink ads...

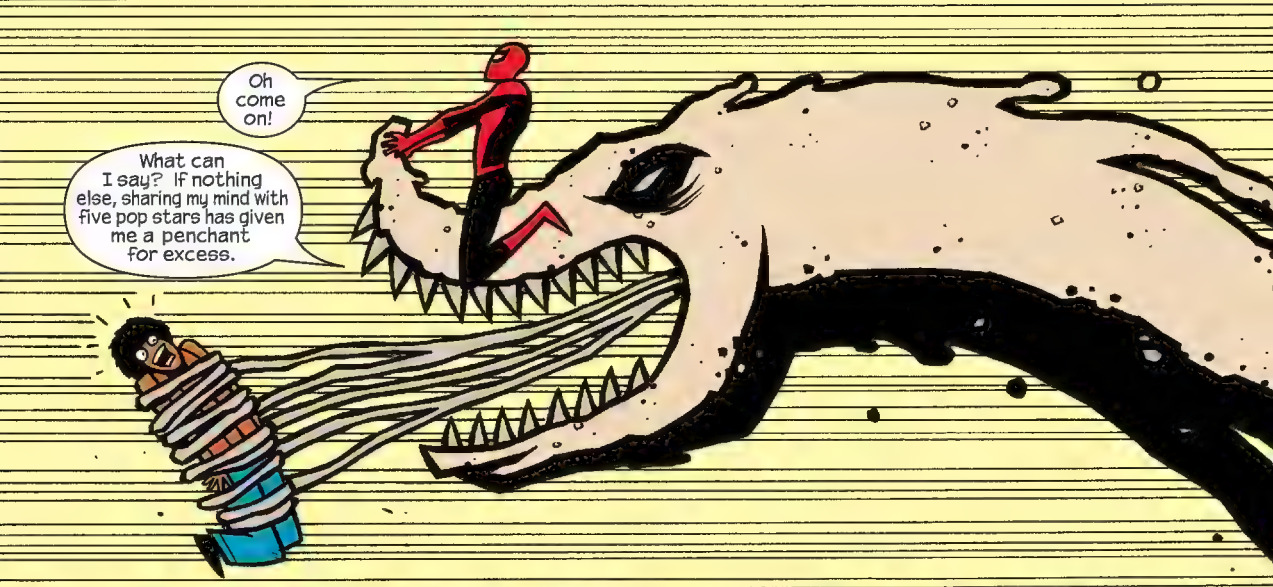


...and if you think I'm gonna stop now--

BOOOOSH!!

Hey, I'm here too y'know. I guess being an ego-vampire does make you self-absorbed!





Oh
come
on!

What can
I say? If nothing
else, sharing my mind with
five pop stars has given
me a penchant
for excess.



In fact, the sense of
entitlement is almost
intoxicating.



I'm starting to feel like I can do
anything: acting, producing,
poetry, beadery...

Great, now he's not even
trying to make sense.



GGAAAAAAAAARRR

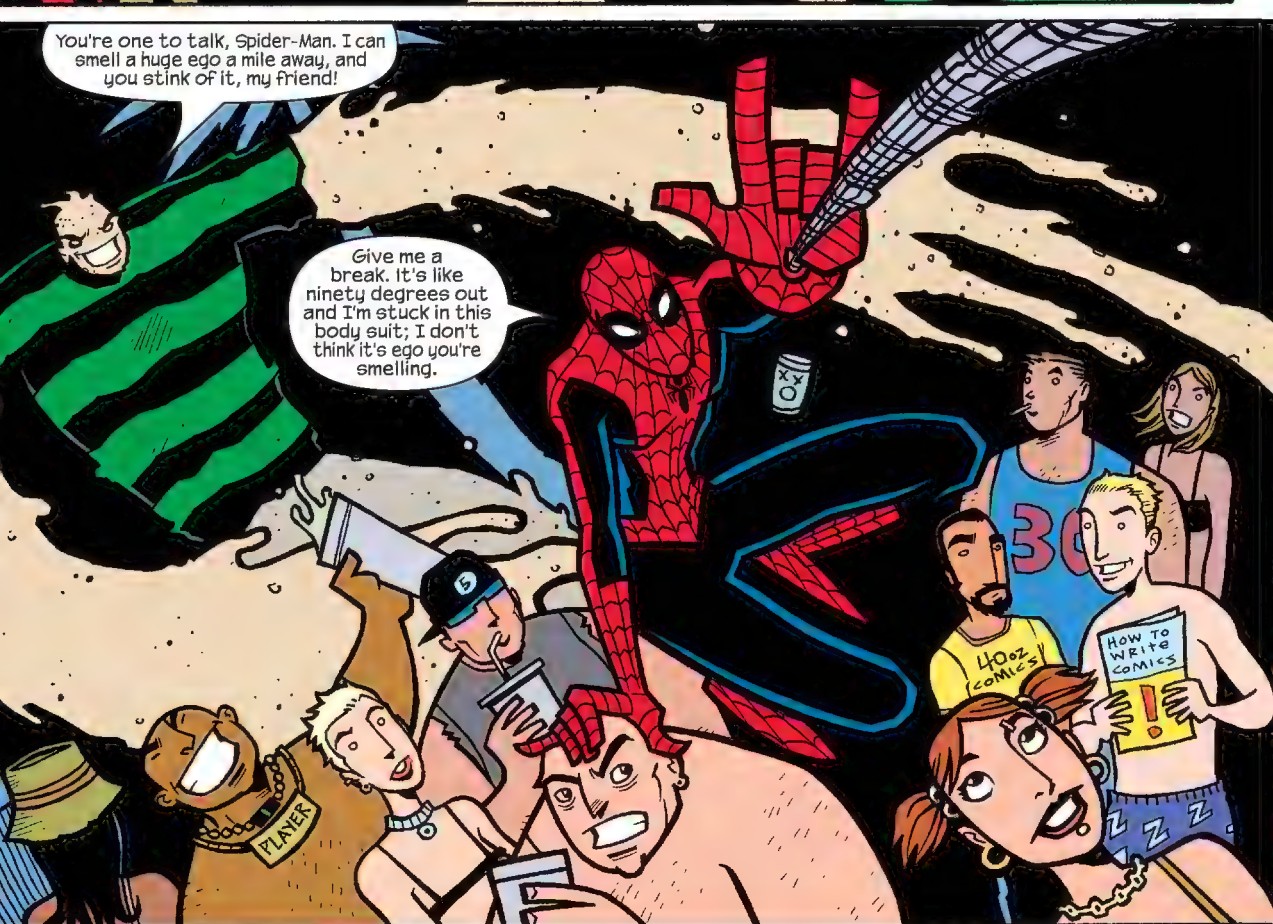
Okay, everyone
needs to settle down in
there! Inside voices, people!



He's got all those stars
in his head?!

That
looks like a
fairly safe
guess!

Spider-Man!
I've worked with
these people for
years. I wouldn't put
most of them in
the same room
together!





Speaking of last moments,
if he keeps getting stronger
I might be singing *my* swan song.



Oops!
I did it again,
Spider-Man! I'm
sandilicious!! I can
do anything!

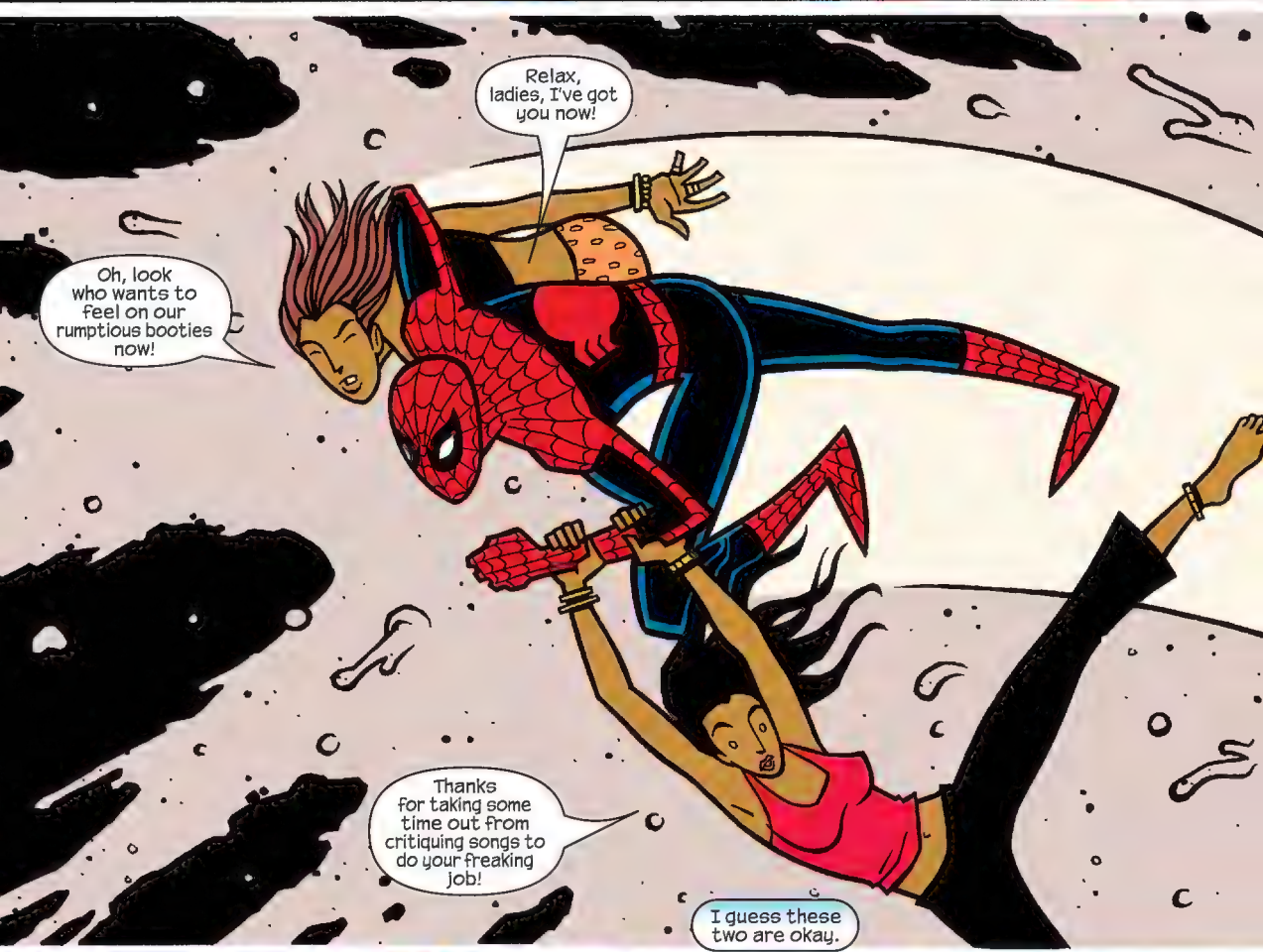
I bet
none of your
other enemies
bling bling
like this!

He's completely
lost it, and I'm way
out of my league.



Hey
big shot! Still
hungry?



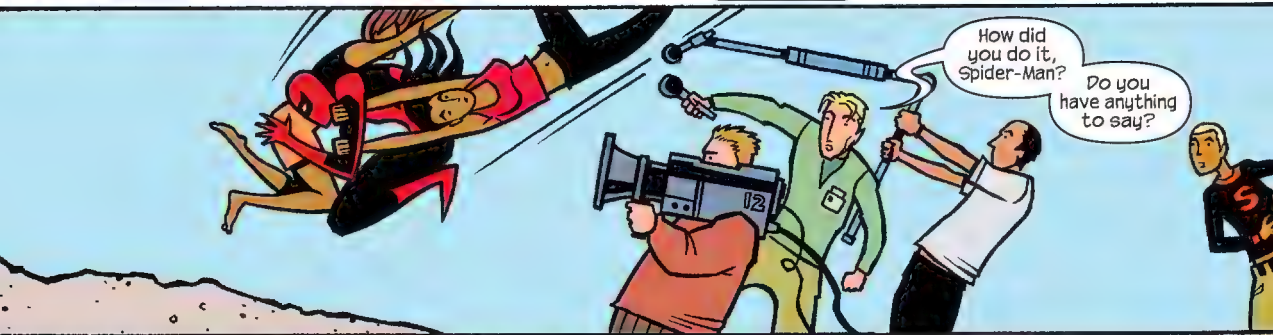


Oh, look who wants to feel on our rumpious booties now!

Relax, ladies, I've got you now!

Thanks for taking some time out from critiquing songs to do your freaking job!

I guess these two are okay.



How did you do it, Spider-Man?

Do you have anything to say?



Heh. Well, I guess in the end, life's a beach!



What was that? That's the razor-sharp wit that's supposed to confound your foes? What'd you read that on a t-shirt in the sixth grade?

I'll be in my trailer.



Later.

Hey there! You taking off?

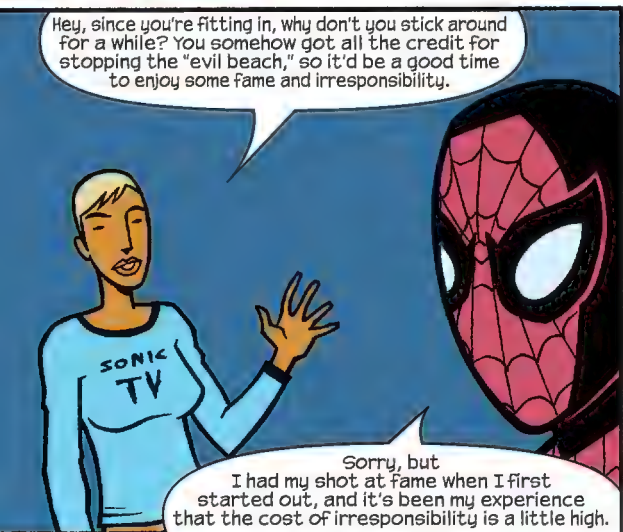


Oh, it's you. Are all your stars okay?

I think so, but half of them are incoherent on their best days so, it's hard to tell.

Well, that's something... I couldn't find a trace of Sandman, but I guess if he comes back you can just feed him another truckload of innocent people.

Oh please! You're just mad that you ran into a guy you couldn't beat by climbing up a really high wall.



Hey, since you're fitting in, why don't you stick around for a while? You somehow got all the credit for stopping the "evil beach," so it'd be a good time to enjoy some fame and irresponsibility.

Sorry, but I had my shot at fame when I first started out, and it's been my experience that the cost of irresponsibility is a little high.



I do other stuff!

Okay! I was kidding! Geez, maybe Sandman was right about your ego.

Oh yeah, let's believe the walking sand castle.



Ah well, I guess I knew you'd say that; after all, if you can't see yourself driving a truckload of other celebrities into a giant sand monster you probably don't have what it takes.

Heh. I guess not.



You take care of yourself.

You, too. And Spider-Man?



Yeah?

You look great in a swimsuit.

COVER GALLERY

#18



#19



#20



#21



#22







WHAT'S IT LIKE TO LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE SPIDER-MAN SWINGS OVERHEAD?

Find out as some of the comic-book industry's most talented creators turn the spotlight on the supervillains, vigilantes, common crooks, costumed champions and loudmouthed media moguls whose worlds turn when the wall-crawler leaps into their lives.

Plus: Oil up those pecs, slip on your thong and head down to the 'Sonic TV Spring Break House' where a little something - make that someone - under the sand requires Spidey's immediate attention.

Collecting *Spider-Man's Tangled Web* #18-22 and *Peter Parker: Spider-Man* #42-43 - written by Darwyn Cooke, Ted McKeever, Robbie Morrison, Zeb Wells and Brian Walsh; and illustrated by Cooke, McKeever, Jim Mahfood, Dean Haspiel and Alberto Dose.

MARVEL

